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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 36.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 10, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Langfier*

The Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, Secretary of State for War

Whose new projects for Army Reform have met with a more favourable reception than the schemes of his predecessors

No. 38.—Vol. III.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, August 10, 1904

	PAGE
Frontispiece	537
The Bystander's Notes	539
Without Apology	540
The Topictator	541
People of Interest	542
Election Scenes at Reading	546
Cowes Regatta	548
From Abroad	550
Beyond the Dardanelles	551
"At the Sign of the Times"	554
Concerning the German Emperor (No. 36 of the Series)	556
"Accursed Eve." By Marie Corelli ...	558
Beauties of other Climes	561
Our Short Story—"Punkahs and Punkawalas." By Shelland Bradley ...	565
The Library	570
Gossip About Books	571
Fly Casting: International Tournament at the Crystal Palace	573
"The Pinch of War." By Murasaki Ayami	574
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	577
Automobile Topics	578
A Millionaire's Whim	582
The Heat Wave	583
Youthful Prizewinners at the Romford Horse Show	584
Japanese Jugglery: The Ten-Ichis at the Alhambra	585
The Connoisseur	586
The World of Women...	587
Fashionable Facts and Fancies ...	588

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

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BYSTANDERS NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

August 10. 1904

It is to be hoped that the cartoon in the Topictator this week does not really represent the attitude of Russia towards Great Britain, but one must confess that there is a considerable amount of anxiety felt by those who are skilled in the paths of diplomacy. Russia is fast verging to a state of utter ruin; her Navy is discredited and her Army utterly incompetent to oppose the forces generalled by the Japanese. This would be bad enough were she fighting a foe whose position amongst the nations was a recognised one, but Japan has been regarded by Russia hitherto as one might regard a precocious child, who, if she becomes troublesome, may be slapped without more ado.

Even had she conquered Japan, as she fully expected to do, the country of the Tsar would not have reaped much moral kudos; but to have army after army defeated—nay, one might more truly say annihilated—by a pigmy enemy whose people, five-and-twenty years ago, were almost savages to Western eyes—things are, indeed, desperate. What is going on behind the scenes in Holy Russia it is difficult to discover, but now and again a corner of the curtain is ruthlessly torn aside and we see all the sinister indications of coming anarchy. The assassination of M. de Plehve is the commencement, perhaps, of a drama of such magnitude as will "stagger humanity." In peace Russia is a country whose subjects are more miserable than anywhere else on the globe; in war the burdens must in time become unbearable, heaped up, as they are, one upon the other on the unfortunate serfs, who pay for the follies of the bureaucracy without having any voice in the Government.

The plight of the Tsar, too, is an unhappy one. It is difficult to imagine how it could be worse, for, though he may despatch legion after legion to the Far East, his army will never win until its tactics are changed. The recruits who unwillingly take the pledge of Empire upon their shoulders are pre-destined victims to the enemy. In generalship, in commissariat, and as fighting men, Russia is reaping the reward of generations of reaction. Defeated in the Far East, and with dangerous omens of unrest at home, the sands seem to be running out. Is there any way by which the honour of the nation may be retrieved and the patriotism of the masses aroused? This question is best answered by another.

If Russia were very anxious to keep on friendly terms with this nation, would she adopt the policy lately evident of hampering our trade by annoying seizures of our ships? There are two ways a belligerent can patrol the seas to guard her interests—one, with a decent show of regret for making a nuisance of herself to other peaceable nations, and thereby interfering with trade as little as possible, the other, by making her rôle as objectionable to neutral shipping as possible. Russia has obviously adopted the latter one as regards ourselves, and seems determined to attempt to justify her raids on our shipping. The sinking of the *Knight Commander* was the most insolent and unjustifiable piece of work even for the Muscovite to undertake: to sink a neutral vessel, even were it to contain contraband, precludes the aggressors from being able to resist a full claim for indemnity from its owners. It is a case of punishment before conviction.

We cannot believe, however, that the Tsar can be so ill-advised as to desire to draw his country into a further struggle. Any hopes that might have been entertained of dragging France into the *melée* have been frustrated by our own King. France has paid pretty heavily through the nose for her alliance with Russia, but now the bubble has burst, and our Gallic friends find their bargain was not a good one. France would not be bound to intervene in the case of Russia being at war with two nations if each quarrel were a separate one, and there is no reason to anticipate that she would think of doing so. Russia should really walk more warily if she does not want to tread on the corns of peace-loving people.

Mr. Chamberlain has recommenced his "Tariff Reform" stumping now the Session is ended. His speech at Welbeck Abbey was graced with the presence of innumerable dukes and marquises, who were supposed to represent the sinews of agriculture. But the speech itself contained nothing new and a great deal that is highly contentious. Mr. Chamberlain emphasises the fact that what was good for our grandparents is not necessarily good for the present times. Everyone will admit this, but before any change is made we must see where the advantage comes in. Not only has Mr. Chamberlain failed to convince this country as yet, but he has failed equally with the Colonies, who are not willing to make any alterations in their fiscal codes which will affect their business relations to their disadvantage in other quarters.

Without Apology

"Russian Seizures" has been a frequent headline lately. We always said the Japs would lick the Russians into fits.

A new novel, described as Higher Intellect Fiction, is announced to be "better than 10,000 sermons."

Who would believe that we have so many bad preachers?

According to a Burnley school paper, a schoolboy's essay lately stated that "Mr. Chamberlain is a conservatory."

A further reason why he should not throw stones.

At the Constitutional Club dinner to Lord Curzon the chair was occupied by Mr. Balfour, while the vice-chair was taken by Mr. J. F. Remnant, M.P. This was not the first time Mr. Balfour has needed to look for support to a Conservative remnant.

The *Daily Mail* declares that the "Scotch moors and rivers are taking many people north."

This further competition should make the state of our railways even more precarious.

The *Express* has discovered a lady of thirty-four who possesses grandchildren. The "new journalists" will not even let us have old grandmothers any more.

From an article on the "Underground" in the *Daily Chronicle*:

> At Aldgate there is the work-girl taking home her pile of coats and trousers; at Mark Lane, the seamen going to the docks. Westward, and we see the ladies of South Kensington coming up shopping, and the well-known Member of Parliament turning over his *Daily Chronicle*, whilst waiting for his train.

We can quite understand an M.P., or any other man who reads the *Daily Chronicle*, "turning it over.' What we cannot understand is that the fact is brought to the notice of readers by the *Chronicle* itself.

The *Strand Magazine* has been collecting opinions regarding the "Finest Views in Britain." On a question of this kind opinion differs very largely. Some people have strong prejudices. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, is understood to have a great antipathy to Devonshire views.

The Bishop of London's Fund has received a subscription of £5 from an undertaker who sends the money as "a thank-offering because trade has been so brisk of late."

Mr. Chamberlain should take note. Here, at least, is a flourishing trade which he could with justification call a "dead" one.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has published in the *Times* a poetic eulogy of Mr. Chamberlain and his work, entitled "Things and the Man":

> May we this curious moral scan
> In what the poet sings:
> Great Joseph is the only man,
> The rest are simply "things"?

There is always this latent danger in a simile: It may cut both ways. Mr. Lloyd George lately compared Mr. Chamberlain to one climbing a high mountain, the Government at a much lower stage of the ascent, being tied to him by a rope. This amounts to a tacit admission, from a most unexpected quarter, that Joseph is on top, and that his chief aim is to elevate others.

Holiday Time

["*These are strenuous times we live in, and it behoves every man to keep well abreast of the great questions now demanding solution.*"—Daily Paper.]

The busy world is far away,
And day glides onward into day,
But what care I?
Is not the sun upon the sea?
Does not a skylark sing to me?
Is there not clotted cream for tea?
What more need I?

The topics which in London town
Inspire my laugh, compel my frown,
No more heed I.
I care not what of "Joe" is said,
If Free Trade goes, and taxed is bread,
Or even if Queen Anne is dead,
Here, I am I.

When fisher's song came o'er the blue,
Would Roosevelt's chances interest you,
If you were I?
You wouldn't care one little jot
If Shakespeare wrote his plays or not,
Or Burns was really Walter Scott,
No more do I.

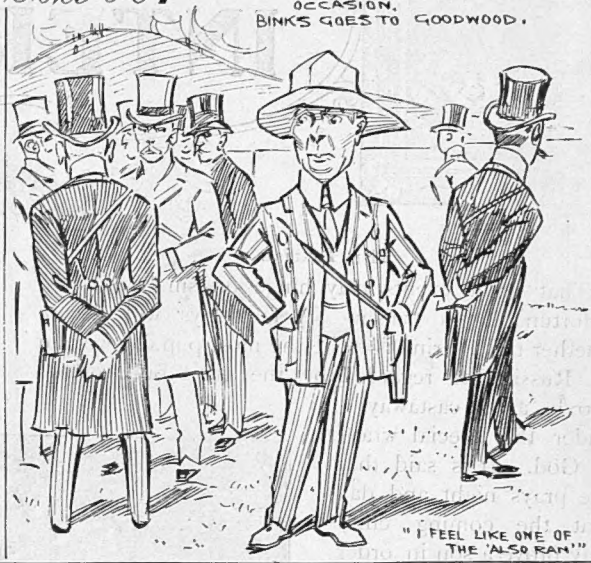
All you would do would be to lie
On daisied turf, and blink one eye
Towards the sky.
You'd think, "What fools these mortals be
Who delve and slave, when they might be
Sharing these golden hours with me,"
And so do I.

Far from the turmoil and the fret
The "pushful" life I quite forget,
No care have I.
Let street-bound people air their views,
Say which is how and what is whose,
I know not any latest news,
And care?—Not I.

The Topictator

THE HOUSE OF LORDS (LIKE FREDDY TATTON IN "THE LIARS") REFUSES TO BE A CYPHER

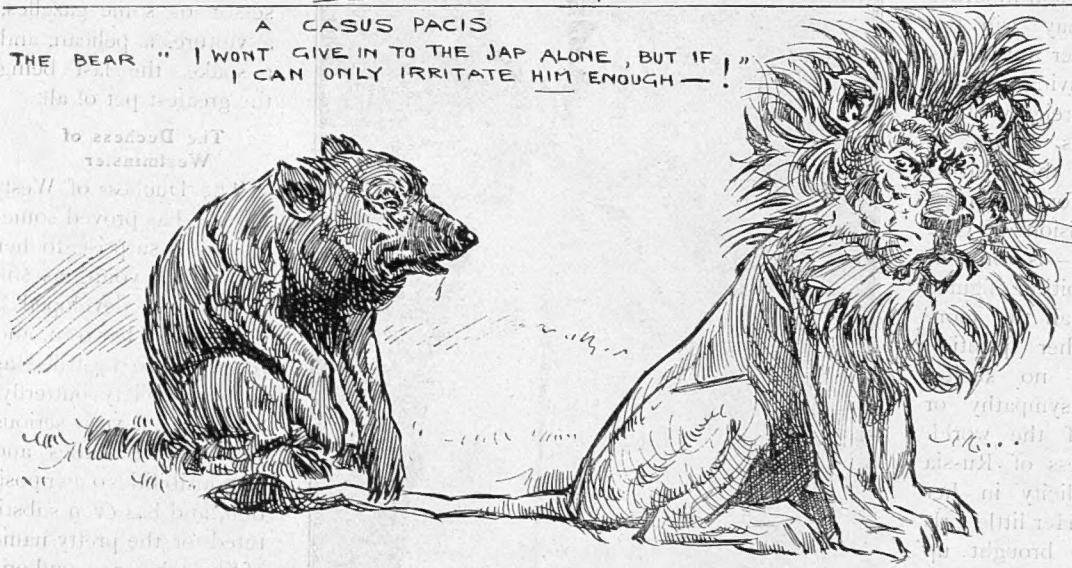
BINKS PRIDES HIMSELF ON HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE CORRECT DRESS FOR EVERY OCCASION. BINKS GOES TO GOODWOOD.



"I FEEL LIKE ONE OF THE 'ALSO RAN'"

A CASUS PACIS

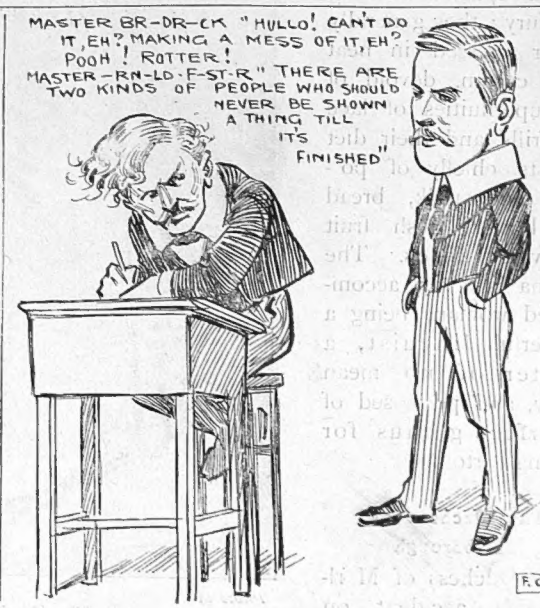
THE BEAR "I WONT GIVE IN TO THE JAP ALONE, BUT IF I CAN ONLY IRRITATE HIM ENOUGH—!"



THE THAKEHAM BOARD OF GUARDIANS HAVE SUPPLIED THE INMATES OF THE WORKHOUSE WITH SUMMER HATS

"PIPE ME IN ME NOO PYJAMA 'AT"

MASTER BR-DR-CK "HULLO! CAN'T DO IT, EH? MAKING A MESS OF IT, EH? POOH! ROTTER! MASTER-RN-LD-F-ST-R" THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE WHO SHOULD NEVER BE SHOWN A THING TILL IT'S FINISHED"



F.G.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

The Tsarina

That great events may hinge on small ones is, unfortunately, a truism. A few days will decide whether the Tsarina is to be the most popular woman in Russia, or regarded by the great bulk of the people as a castaway—under the special wrath of God. It is said that she prays night and day that the coming child may prove a son in order that she may win the hearts of her husband's people by giving an heir to the sovereignty of all the Russias. Just at this minute the Tsarina—waiting for the mysterious decision of God and nature—is one of the most pitiful figures in Europe, all the more so that her position allows her no shelter from the sympathy or curiosity of the world. The Empress of Russia loves simplicity in her daily life. Her little girls are being brought up with a Spartan absence of luxury; they generally appear dressed in neat white cotton, devoid of the superfluities of lace and frills, and their diet consists chiefly of porridge and milk, bread and butter, fresh fruit and vegetables. The Tsarina is a very accomplished woman, being a wonderful linguist, a painter of no mean ability, and possessed of a perfect genius for drawing cartoons.

The Duchess of Marlborough

The Duchess of Marlborough's accident on Bank Holiday Monday might have proved really serious, but fortunately she escaped with some bruises and a severe shaking. This young American Duchess is something of a blue stocking, clever men find her delightful to talk to, and she takes a keen and intelligent interest in politics and other topics of the day. One of her hobbies is the collection of strange animals, and at Blenheim she is the happy possessor of some gazelles, a vulture, a pelican, and a snake, the last being the greatest pet of all.

Photo by *Hahn*

The Tsarina of Russia
In her uniform of Colonel of the Prussian Uhlans

The Duchess of Westminster

The Duchess of Westminster has proved somewhat of a surprise to her friends, for, young as she is, she has developed a character of her own, and refuses to be regarded as a mere Society butterfly. She takes a very serious view of the duties and responsibilities of her position, and has even substituted for the pretty name of Shelagh her second one of Constance, which she considers a more dignified and fitting title for one in her exalted station. The present Duchess of Westminster delights in an open air life, one of her greatest pleasures being to drive herself about the country which she loves so well.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts

The most notable figure at the opening of the splendid new premises of Coutts's Bank last week was that of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. She evinced the keenest interest in the new building, making a tour which stopped short only at the

subterranean vaults, the descent to which was rather too much even for the surprising activity of the Baroness's ninety years. This distinguished visitor shook hands with all the employés, and, on her departure, was given a hearty reception by the spectators outside. Possessed of immense wealth, the Baroness has always been eager to share the good things the gods sent her with those less fortunate; and as soon as she came into her inheritance, resolved, with characteristic clear-headedness, that her philanthropy should not be what Andrew Carnegie calls "good will without good sense"; but went herself, accompanied by Charles Dickens, day after day to the East End to find deserving objects for her charity. Truly a remarkable pair were those two who carried sunshine among the slums, the large-hearted Baroness with her clear discrimination between the true and the false, and the writer who, more than any other man, had the capacity to feel and carry the sorrows of the poor in his heart. The Baroness, though quite modern in all her ways, clings to one of the quaint customs of her youth: she always wears a tiny black silk apron with a ruffled border, a white scented handkerchief peeping out of the pocket. Such was the pretty coquettish fashion of her girlhood, gone out with the dainty embroidery and crewel work of which it was the symbol.

The Duchess of Marlborough

FROM AN ETCHING *BY PAUL HELLEU*

Lady Chelsea

Lady Chelsea has been greatly missed in Society this season, as she has not been going out at all, owing

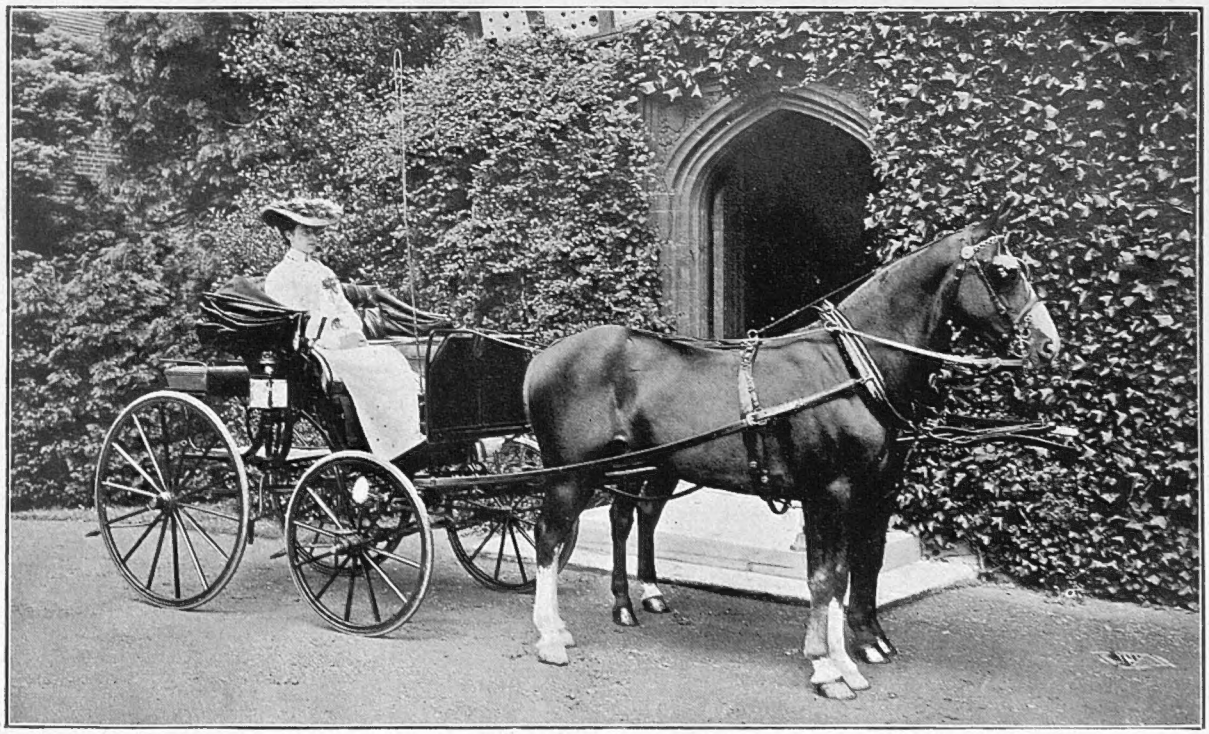


Photo by **The Duchess of Westminster driving her favourite pair** *Brooks*

The Duchess delights in open air life, and her chief recreation is, driving about the country

to her mourning for her father, the late Lord Alington. She is a very attractive-looking woman, with a clear complexion and fair hair, which is always arranged with the most exquisite neatness: Lady Chelsea's five eldest children are girls. The son and heir was only born last year, and had the unusual honour of having both the King and the Prince of Wales for his godparents; as is only natural, he bears the royal names of Edward George. The two eldest girls are cheery little maidens, and, during Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland, they were taken to see her, at her special request, and quite won her heart by affectionately kissing her as they said "good-bye."

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Lady Chelsea and her Children

George Grossmith, Jun.'s, Double

English visitors to the Moulin Rouge this season are receiving quite a shock upon the first stage entrance of "Archie" in *The Toreador*, a French version of which is being given at that house, for, on his entrance, every Englishman in the house jumps up and says, "George Grossmith here in Paris." The resemblance is certainly a remarkable one, and is the more remarkable because Monsieur Prince, the French actor, who plays "Archie," is very much like the London "Archie" without any aid of art, and he and Mr Grossmith had not seen one another until a few days since they shook hands on the stage of the Moulin Rouge, while the other members

Photos by

Baroness Burdett-Coutts

The most notable figure at the opening of the splendid new premises of Coutts' Bank last week

Elliott and Fry

Miss Cornelia Sorabji

Who has just been appointed by the Bengal Government legal adviser to the women kept in Zenanas. This appointment is made in connection with the scheme she has proposed to the India Office for providing Purdah ladies with qualified legal assistance in the administration of their estates

of the company stood round and stared. "Never saw anybody so absurdly like me in my life," said Grossmith to Prince, and "Why, yes, we are like ourselves," said Prince to Grossmith. Monsieur Prince, whose real home is the Variétiés, and who is merely lent to the Moulin Rouge for the run of *The Toreador*, hopes to play in England one of these days. He speaks enough English to get on with, he declares, and Madame Prince, known to Parisians as Miss Campton, is an Englishwoman. Perhaps one of these days, a burlesque of *The Corsican Brothers* will be written, and Messrs. Prince and Grossmith may be seen together.

Photo by **M. Charles Prince** [*Walery*

The French "Archie," who is appearing in *The Toreador*, at the Moulin Rouge, Paris, and bears a most striking resemblance to the English "Archie," Mr. George Grossmith, Jun.

Lord Roberts

Perhaps the funniest experience in Lord Roberts's career was the drive he endured upon the occasion of his visit to Edinburgh to receive the LL.D. degree. After the ceremony, the students, hearing that he was going to luncheon with an officer who lived a few miles out of the city, and in a frenzy to prove their affection and appreciation, unharnessed the horses from his carriage, and pulled it briskly along the road. As their manner of running was somewhat jerky and erratic, the corners being shaved in a manner almost certain to result in disaster, Lord Roberts entreated them to desist from their labours, but they stuck to their task gallantly till they had dragged him about two miles from the town. Here Lord Roberts stepped out briskly, thanked the young men for their exertions, and continued his journey in a four-wheeler, the students employing themselves in taking back the carriage. On the way they came across a policeman and compelled him to take the vacated seat, cheering him lustily as Lord "Bobs."

Photo by *Walker*

Lord Roberts at Chester: Inspecting the Guard

Lord Roberts, on July 30, unveiled a Memorial in Chester Cathedral to the men of the Cheshire Regiment who fell in the South African War

ELECTION SCENES AT READING

Mr. Keyser, the Conservative Candidate, driving through the main street to a meeting

Photos by *Newman*

Workmen voters leaving Huntley and Palmer's Biscuit Factory

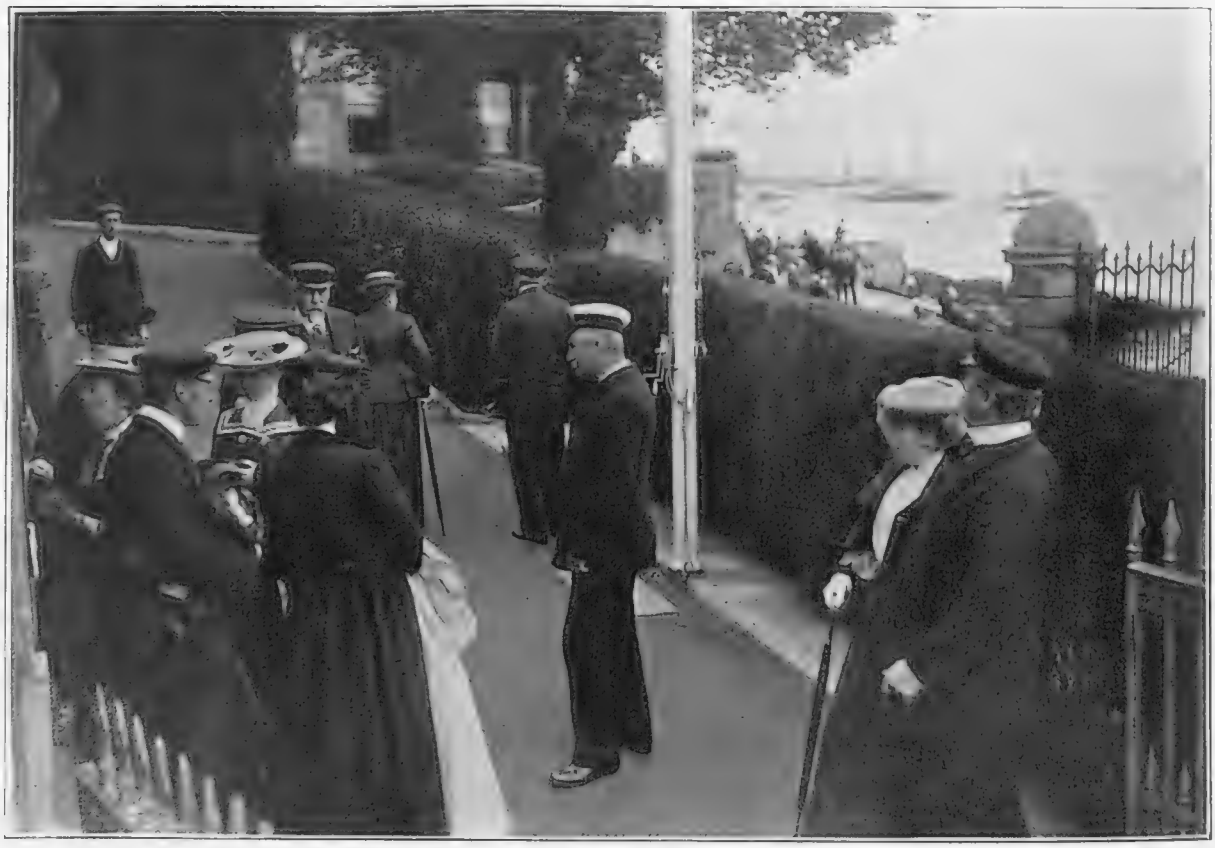
The Morning of the Twelfth

DRAWN BY A. J. WALL

COWES REGATTA: SCENES ASHORE AND AFLOAT

The Castle and the Battery

The Castle is the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron. On the Battery is the signalling station for starting the races

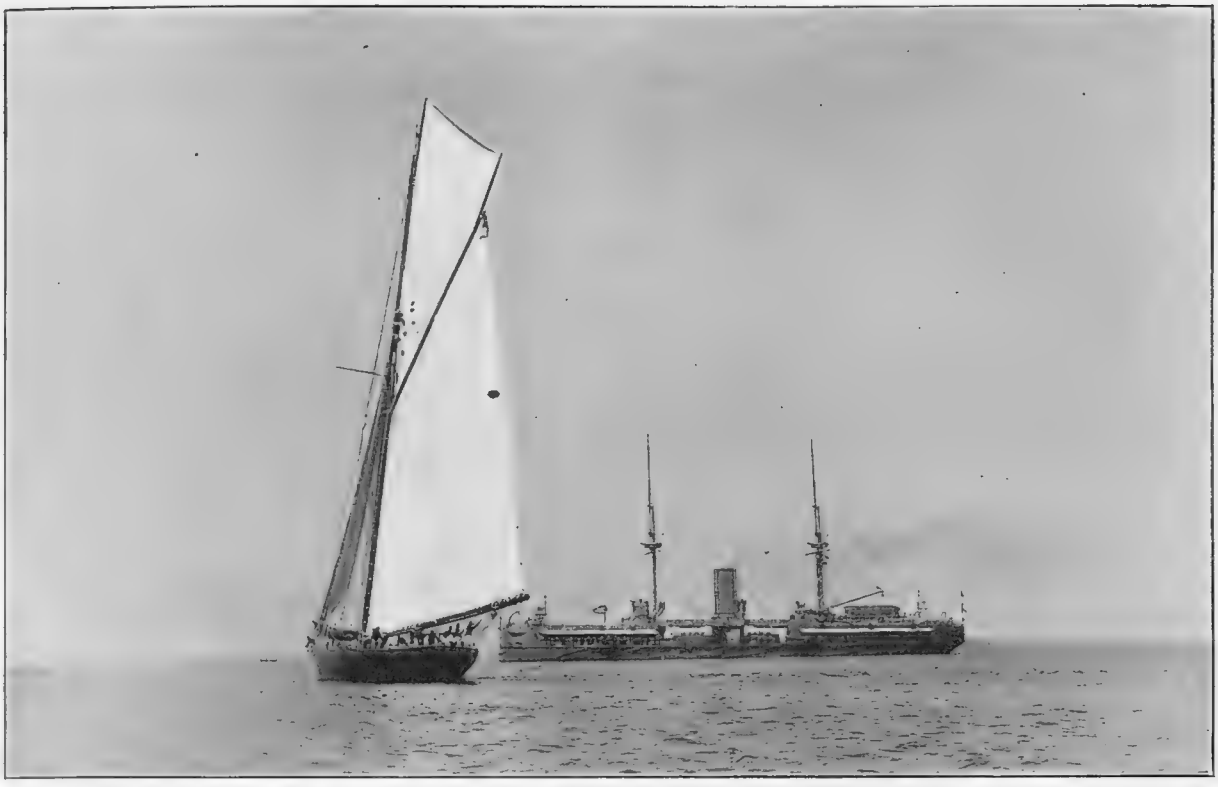


Photos by *Cribb*

Discussing Events in the Club Enclosure

In the foreground on the left is Sir Allen Young. The Marquis of Ormonde, Commodore of the R.Y.S., is seen standing in the centre. On the right of the photograph is Mr. Montagu Guest

COWES REGATTA: SCENES ASHORE AND AFLOAT



The "Britannia," with the King and Queen ab ard, goes for a sail

The *Britannia* is just passing their Majesties' guardship *Colossus*

Photos by *Cribb*

The Start for the King's Cup in a smooth sea

From left to right the contesting yachts are *Brunhild* (winner of the Cup; owned by Sir James Pender), *Glory* (Sir H. S. King), *The Meteor* (The German Emperor), *Brunhilda* (Mr. Charles Cave), and *Corisande* (Duke of Leeds)

FROM ABROAD.

Coquelin the Charitable

Monsieur Coquelin, the Irving of the Ville Lumière, is like Sir Henry in his gift of charity as in his gift of acting. For some months past he has been working day and night at the collection of the funds necessary to build a home out in the country for votaries of Thespis, who from age, infirmities, or other causes, can no longer earn a living at their profession. In France, as nearer home, actors and actresses are the most charitable of beings, and the response to Monsieur Coquelin's appeal has been so swift and ready, that, within twelve months of its first inception, the "Maison de Retraite de l'Association des Artistes Dramatiques" has been built out at Pont-aux-Dames. The home forms a square of pretty stone and red-brick buildings, built round a pretty garden. Each inmate will have his or her small suite of rooms, and meals will be taken together or apart at will. "Our object," Monsieur Coquelin told me, as the photographer was posing him, "is to provide a home, *un home anglais*, for our less fortunate brothers and sisters, and make it as little like a charity as possible. They will live there as the French artists live in the Villa Medicis at Rome, more like the guests in one of your great hydros than inmates of a charity. 'Rien de la workhouse,'" he added, for England and English institutions have no secrets for Monsieur Coquelin. "And it will interest your readers to be told that my inception of the Maison de Retraite came to me one evening when I was reading one of your English masterpieces, 'The Newcomes.' My Home is to be something like the Charterhouse, a Home where comfort and at the same time respect are to be doled out with no sparing hand to those who have spent the best years of their lives in the amusement of the public. Our friends have been most generous, and, although funds do not permit it yet, we hope before long to be able to provide our actors with a little theatre, upon the stage of which they may revive their former triumphs, and to which they may invite their friends." J. N. R.

M. Coquelin poses for "The Bystander" photographer

Photos by M. Coquelin's Home for Old Actors and Actresses at Pont-aux-Dames, near Paris [*Raphael*

BEYOND THE DARDANELLES

RUSSIA'S CRUISING GROUND IN THE NEAR EAST

The Entrance to the Black Sea

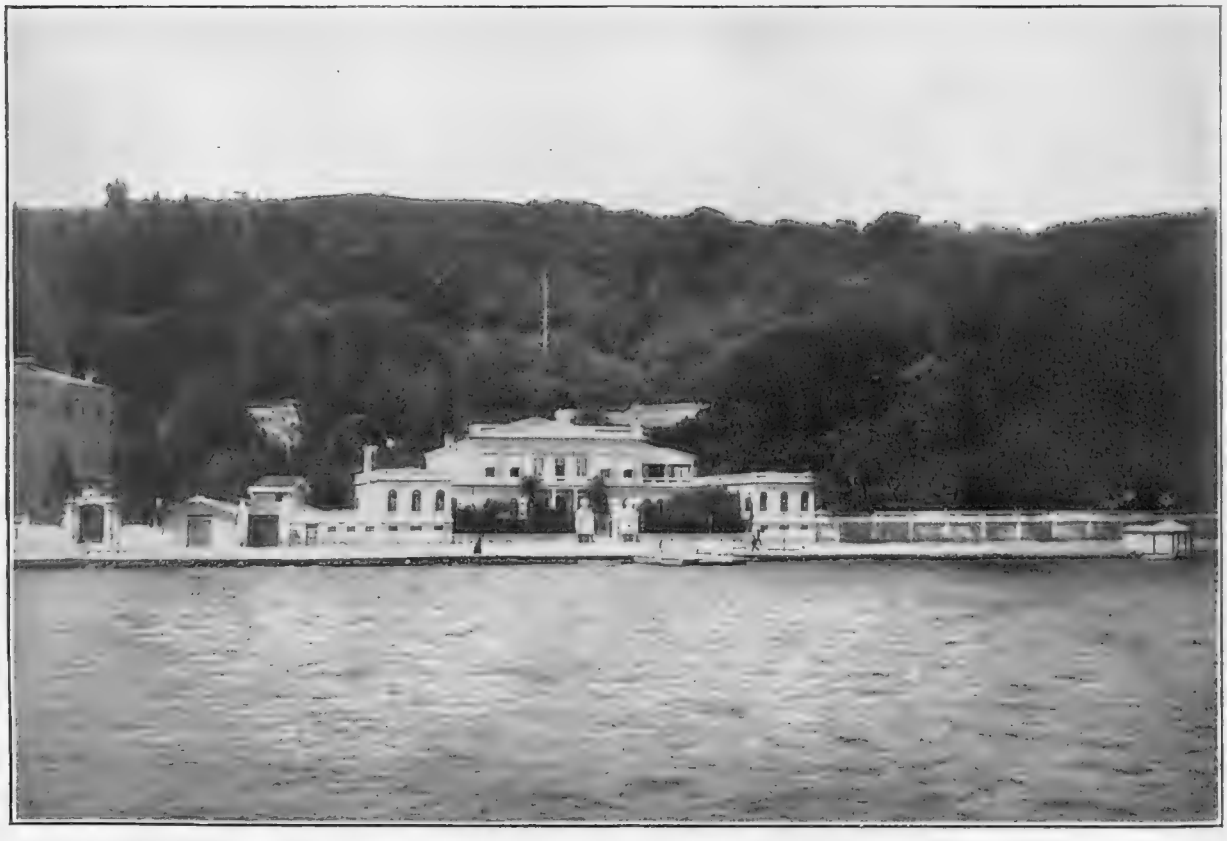
The Russian rights in the Black Sea date from the treaty of Kainardji, in 1774, and it was not until 1802 that French and British ships were admitted by the Peace of Amiens. Our photograph shows the entrance to the famous Russian cruising ground as seen from the Bosphorus

A View near Constantinople of the "Golden Horn"

Constantinople, as seen from along the shores of the Bosphorus, presents a wonderful sight. An old traveller, writing on the spot, describes it in the following picturesque manner: "We looked down upon the Golden Horn, whose name the sunset seems to realise; its waters are specked by many a caique, and reflect the white sails of a hundred ships; beyond it suddenly rises Constantinople itself, its richly-mingled masses of dark foliage and white palaces enveloping the peninsula, whose point terminates in the Sultan's seraglio, with its gardens"

Therapia, on the Bosphorus

This town, which contains a population of about 3,000 inhabitants, is situated about fifteen miles N.E. of the Turkish capital, along the European shore of the Bosphorus. It is a great resort for European residents of Constantinople in the summer



The Russian Ambassador's Palace at Buyukdéré, near Constantinople

Buyukdéré, like Therapia, is a summer resort for Europeans, and the photograph gives some idea of its attractions, after the crowded evil-smelling streets of Constantinople

A Glimpse of the Wharfs along the "Golden Horn"

The trade of Constantinople is chiefly in the hands of Europeans, and the burden of vessels entering and clearing the port annually exceeds nine million tons

The Pont de Galata, Constantinople

This bridge is one of two which connect what is known as Christian Constantinople with Stamboul, or Turkish Constantinople. The old City is walled, and within it the most striking features are the seven noble mosques crowning the seven low hills on which Constantinople is built

"At the Sign of the Times"

"ERRATA"—ORANGE PEEL—Mr. BRODRICK AND A LONDON POST-CARD

An Unique Publication

A book which has already raised a good deal of controversy is announced for publication shortly. "Errata," as it will be called, is a supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography, and will contain nothing but mistakes.

Mr. Chamberlain's Lads

It is not true that the Tariff Reform Committee, which has just broken up for the holidays, is preparing a similar volume. Mr. Chamberlain wishes his lads to have a good brisk time, and not to worry their heads about figures. He is very satisfied with their progress, and thinks that they reflect great credit upon his teaching. So they do.

First Impressions

According to the *Daily Chronicle*, an old man of eighty, who lives inland, and had never been in a train in his life, travelled the other day to Southend, and was immensely impressed by his first sight of the sea. He had had no idea—poor old fellow—that it could contain so many bits of orange peel.

Mr. Brodrick Declines

It seems to have got about that, at a public dinner which took place recently, Mr. Brodrick declined to answer for the Army on the ground that he was no longer Secretary for War. This, of course, is not the case. What Mr Brodrick declined to do was to respond for the Army—a very different matter, and one of etiquette only.

A Distinction and a Difference

Those who pervert small incidents of this nature in order to call attention to the differences of opinion existing between the late and the present Secretary for War are merely fussing over what is obvious. Such differences of opinion are bound to exist. Mr. Brodrick, appointed to office at a time of stress, was chiefly concerned to "see the Army Reforms through." Mr. Arnold Forster is chiefly concerned to see through the Army Reforms.

An Artless Nation

"The French," said Sir E. Poynter, in explaining to the Select Committee (*re* Chantrey) why, in his opinion, French influence has a debasing

The Stock Yards in Chicago: Scene of the American Meat Strike

The Stock Yards of Chicago cover 500 acres of ground, affording accommodation for 461,000 animals of all kinds at one time. Last year no fewer than 16,000,000 animal were received at these yards, including 4,000,000 sheep, 8,000,000 hogs, and some 3,000,000 odd of cattle. As many as 40,000 animals of one kind are often received in a single day, while it is nothing for the authorities to find accommodation for 100,000 various animals in the space of twenty-four hours

Military London: Changing Guard at St. James's Palace

The two young Princes, Henry and George, watch the arrival of the new Guard (Grenadiers) from the walls of Marlborough House Garden

The crowd receive the order (from a policeman), "Stand back"——

effect upon Art—"The French . . . change their views very rapidly." The same certainly cannot be said of English Royal Academicians, who stick to their opinions with a tenacity worthy of the highest cause. There does not, in fact, seem much prospect of an *entente cordiale* in Art. Unless, of course, French artists—being so fickle—come in the course of time to admire such characteristically English productions as the well-known "Did-ums Then" and "Me's Dot It."

A London Post-card

"The August season in London has opened with a very bright little hop given by Miss Parkinson, Lady Vere Crawlay's well-known and popular cook, at Vere Crawlay House, Kensington. Miss Parkinson, who looked charming in (Lady Vere Crawlay's) dove-coloured *mousseline de soie*, received her guests in the green drawing-room, to which the sheets round pictures gave a picturesque effect. Mr. Jones, the butcher's man, showed himself an able exponent of the lighter forms of music, and his performance of "Ada Made a Dove of a Wader, when we went down to Margit" would have been the feature of the evening, had not the Bechstein unfortunately gone out of tune in the middle, and compelled Mr. Jones to finish up on a penny whistle."

A Hint for the "Morning Post"

"Among the guests were Miss Harriet Jay, housemaid, in (Miss Vere Crawlay's) green organdy muslin frock and (imitation) pearls; Constable X 21, whose health was drunk with three times three; Miss Jay's young man, Harry, from the livery stables of Messrs. Jenkins Bros.; and a gentleman who—we noticed—danced seven times with Miss Parkinson. An engagement is expected shortly." Why does not the *Morning Post* drop its august reports of the doings of the elect and record for us what London society really is doing at this season? Many of the best people would be deeply interested.

The Journalist's Status

What is a journalist? A perusal of the police court intelligence will make the importance of this question clear. "Journalist" appears to be the invariable description of any gentleman arrested for robbing young women of their jewellery, stealing children's boots, or pick-pocketing in an omnibus.

Dubious Qualifications

Members of the profession are aware that a proficiency in any of these arts does not really entitle a man to call himself a journalist. But they ought to put the fact in print now and then. Otherwise the public, too prone to believe what it reads in the newspapers, might easily get distorted notions of their greatest benefactors.

A Journalist's Register

What is wanted would seem to be a Register—corresponding to the Medical Register—on which the names of journalists could be enrolled, and off which they could be struck when they unite burglary with their more ordinary avocations. The difficulty in this country would be to decide upon the qualifications for enrolment. I have known a man who sent a joke to *Punch* call himself a journalist. And it was not even printed. Still, the Register might be tried. MINIMUS.

Military London: Changing Guard at St. James's Palace

——While the Guard enters "Colour Court," St. James's Palace

The band strikes up for the ceremony of changing the Guard, while the two subalterns on duty parade up and down with the Colours

CONCERNING THE GERMAN EMPEROR

(NO. 36 OF THE SERIES)

That remarkable manifestation of the forces of nature known to the general public as "The Kaiser," and to men of science as Frederick William Victor Albert, King of Prussia and German Emperor, has been in a state of activity a little over sixteen years. Before 1888 he had been quiescent nearly thirty years. Then there was an eruption; and the world has been kept awake ever since.

It must be a terrible reflection for the Kaiser, who gives every sign of enjoying his dignity and position, that the never-to-be-forgotten grandfather, of whom he has been heard to speak, hated the idea of being an Emperor, when first it was suggested to him. Had the old gentleman been allowed his way, he and his posterity would have been simple Presidents of the German Confederacy, and there would not have been nearly so much about "War-Lords" and "mailed fists" as we have been getting of late years. In that distant and all but inconceivable time, however, the views of the House of Hohenzollern had no real chance against the views of a pushing Pomeranian person of the name of Bismarck, whose name is still, though not without difficulty, remembered by Germans. Bismarck decided that Emperor it should be: and Emperor it was. Anyone interested in such matters was permitted to dispute about the question whether it should be "Emperor of Germany," "German Emperor," or "Emperor of the Germans"—a controversy in regard to which the Iron Chancellor was once heard to use the low expression, "*Das ist mir wurst.*"

Over this point there occurred, many years later, a tragedy of a sort that is fortunately rare. The *Court Circular* went wrong. When the present Kaiser, in the second year of his acrobatic reign, visited this country, the *Court Circular* persisted in referring to him as "Emperor of Germany," and only desisted when an unusually well-informed English statesman took the drastic and final measure of writing a letter to the *Times* about it, pointing out that the Constitution of the Empire settled the title as "German Emperor." To the *Court Circular*, which has always taken the line of setting accuracy before sensationalism, this was a painful humiliation.

The story that the Kaiser wears a sword in his bath, and has epaulettes on his sleeping-suit, is devoid of foundation. It is an abominable invention of the Social-Democratic scoundrels, who are capable, as the Kaiser has often pointed out, of any form of blasphemy. It is not to be denied, however, that the daily path of His Imperial Majesty's duty leads him, on the quietest day, to his dressing-room a dozen times; and when *levées* occur, and the barest courtesy (as understood in the Royal household) demands that every foreign guest should be received in a uniform appropriate to his nationality, the Imperial valets have to be reinforced. The only article of clothing which he never has worn is a dressing-gown, a garment foreign to the spirit of his House.

A dreadful mistake, the influence of which upon the solidarity of the Triple Alliance we may some day be able to estimate, was made by the Italian customs' officers on the occasion of the Kaiser's famous trip to the Holy Land. His baggage, on passing through Italian territory, was examined by the officials, who found themselves at a nonplus when they came to a number of trunks filled with splendid uniforms of all the nations, from China to Peru. Accustomed only to the few and hideous uniforms of the Italian army, the officials were bewildered by this display of shining apparel. At last the explanation was puzzled out. These must be theatrical costumes, and as "theatrical costumes" they were officially described and assessed. Men say that when H.I.M. heard of this he was not pleased.

The Kaiser, it is notorious, knows something about everything; whether he fulfils the latter half of the sage's precept, and knows everything about something, is not quite so certain. It certainly does look, however, as if he had taken the measure of Germany very completely. That he understands any other nation, any other nation would indignantly deny. A good deal depends on this, as the Imperial schemes do not stop at the German frontier, or at the confines of Europe.

Always a man of simple and economic habits, save in the matters of telegraphy and uniforms, the Kaiser saves a salary by being his own naval chaplain. A selection of his sermons to the crew of the *Hohenzollern* has been published. He has a very human way, too, of ordering the Imperial dinner every day, which never works out at more than seven-and-six, exclusive of wine. He paints, sings, composes, writes plays and rehearses them, sails boats, designs cruisers, plans campaigns, leads cavalry, shoots game of all sizes, sits to most photographers, and makes speeches on every subject. He has invented a new kind of moustache, and an absolutely novel school of criticism in art and literature. He will have none of republicans, impressionists, higher critics, Chinamen, ladies who ride bicycles, or officers who study the crease down the front of their trousers.

One thing the Kaiser never has done or attempted—journalism. An American editor once sent him a cheque for a thousand pounds, with a request for five hundred words on the Spanish-American War; but the cheque came back. He does not much like the English Press, which has treated him somewhat tactlessly at times. He has never forgiven *Punch* for its late contributor "'Arry's" remark, in the course of one of his inimitable poems:

> It's clear 'e's no class, that young Sossige.

We hope that THE BYSTANDER may hereby do something to efface such unpleasant memories.

He is a sterling patriot, a keen yachtsman, a triumphant Tory, a freeman of the City of London, a marvellous worker, half an Englishman by birth, and a character that all the world respects when it does not love.

Kaiser Bill *(sings, without apology to W. S. Gilbert)*

"Och I um de cook und de captain bold
Und de mate of de *Empire* brig,
Und a bo'sun tight und a midshipmite,
Und de crew of de captain's gig"

Accursëd Eve*

By MARIE CORELLI

When the masculine Serpent, 'who was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord had made', tempted the mother of mankind to eat of the forbidden fruit, the Voice in the Garden said to her—"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow!" It can scarcely be denied that this curse has been fulfilled. So manifold and incessant have been the sorrows of Woman since the legendary account of the creation of the world, that one cannot help thinking the whole business somewhat unfair, if,—for merely being 'beguiled' by a beast of the field who was known to be more 'subtil' than any other, and afterwards being 'given away' by Coward Adam,—Eve and all the descendants of her sex should be compelled to suffer centuries of torture. The injustice is manifestly cruel and arbitrary,—yet it would seem to have followed poor, accursëd Eve from then till now. "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow!" And sorrow has been multiplied to such an aggravated and barbarous extent upon her unfortunate head, that in the Jewish ritual to this very day there is a part of the service wherein the men, standing in the presence of women, individually say: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast not made me a woman!" thus deliberately insulting, in their very house of worship, the sex of their mothers!

But from the earliest times, if we are to accept historical testimony, the Jews of the ancient world appear to have treated women in the majority as 'Something worser than their dog, a little lower than their horse.' Save and except those rare cases where the Jewish woman suddenly found out her latent powers and employed them to advantage, the Jewish man made her fetch and carry for him like a veritable beast of burden. He yoked her to his plough with oxen,—he sold and exchanged her with his friends as freely as any other article of commerce,—his "base uses" of her were various, and seldom to his credit,—while, such as they were, they only lasted so long as they satisfied his immediate humour. When done with, she was 'cast out'. The kind of 'casting out' to which she was subjected is not always explained. But it may be taken for granted that in many instances she was either killed immediately, or turned adrift to die of starvation and weariness. The Jews in their Biblical days were evidently not much affected by her griefs. They were God's 'chosen' people,—and the fact that women were the mothers of the whole 'chosen' race, appeared to call for no claim on their chivalrous tenderness or consideration.

Looking back through the vista of time to that fabled Eden, when she listened to the tempting of the 'subtil' one, the wrongs and injustices endured by Accursëd Eve at the hand of Coward Adam make up a calendar of appalling, almost superhuman crime. Man has taken the full license allowed him by the old Genesis story (which, by the way, was of course invented by man himself for his own convenience). "Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee." And among all tribes, and in all nations he *has* ruled; with a rod of iron! The Christian dispensation has interfered somewhat with his former reign of tyranny, for with the birth of Christ came, to a certain extent, the idealization and beatification of womanhood. The Greeks and Romans, however, had a latent glimmering idea of what Woman in all her glory should be, and of what she might possibly attain to in the future,—for all their grandest symbols of life, such as Truth, Beauty, Justice, Fortune, Fame, Wisdom, are always represented by their sculptors clothed in the female form divine. It is a curious fact, that in those early periods of civilization, when Literature and Art were just dawning upon the world, man, though aggregating to his own Ego nearly everything in the universe, paused before representing himself as a figure of Justice, Mercy or Wisdom. He evidently realised his unfitness to stand, even in marble, before the world as a symbol of moral virtue. He therefore, with a grace which well became him in those 'pagan' days, bent the knee to all noble attributes of humanity as represented in Woman. Her fair face, her beauteous figure, greeted him in all his temples of worship;—as Venus and Diana she smiled upon him,—as the goddess of Fortune or Chance, she accepted his votive wreaths,—as Fame or Victory, she gave him blessing whenever he went to war, or returned in triumph from the field;—and all this was but the embryo or shadowing-forth of woman's higher future and better possibilities, when the days of her long and cruel probation should be accomplished, and her 'curse' in part be lifted. There are signs and tokens that this happy end is in sight. Accursëd Eve is beginning to have a good time. And the only fear now is, lest she should overstep the mark of her well-deserved liberty and run headlong into license. For Eve,—with or without curse,—is naturally impulsive and credulous; and being too often forgetful of the little incident which occurred to her in the matter of the Tree of Good and Evil, is still far too prone to listen to the beguiling of "subtil" personages worse "than any beast of the field which the Lord hath made".

Accursëd Eve, having broken several of her old-time fetters, and beginning to feel her feet as well as her wings, just now wants a word in politics. As one of her cursëd daughters, I confess I wonder that she should wish to put herself to so much unnecessary trouble, seeing that she has the whole game in her hands. Politics are generally hustled along by Coward Adam,—unless, by rarest chance, Brave Adam, his twin brother, suddenly steps forth

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unexpectedly, when there ensues what is called a "collapse of the Government". In any question, small or great, Accursëd Eve has only to offer Coward Adam the apple, and he will eat it. Which metaphor implies that even in politics, if she only moves him round gradually to her own views in that essentially womanly way which, while persuading, seems not to persuade, he is bound to yield. Personally speaking, I do not know any man who is not absolutely under the thumb of at least one woman. And I will not believe that there is any woman so feeble, so stupid, so lost to the power and charm of her own individuality, as not to be able to influence quite half a dozen men. This being the case, what does Accursëd Eve want with a vote? If she is so unhappy, so ugly, so repulsive, so deformed in mind and manners as to have no influence at all on any creature of the male sex whatever, neither father, nor brother, nor uncle, nor cousin, nor lover, nor husband, nor friend,—would the opinion of such a one be of any consequence, or her vote of any value? I assert nothing,—I only ask the question.

Speaking personally as a woman, I have no politics, and want none. I only want the British Empire to be first and foremost in everything, and I tender my sincerest homage to all the men of every party who will honestly work towards that end. These being my sentiments, I deprecate any strong separate parliamentary attitude on the part of Accursëd Eve. I say that she has much better, wider work to do than take part in tow-rows with the rather undignified personages who have recently been making somewhat of a bear-garden of the British House of Commons. That she would make a good M.P. were she a man, I am quite sure; but as a woman I know she "goes one better", in becoming the wife of an M.P.

Accursëd Eve! Mother of the world! What higher thing does she seek? Mother of Christianity itself, she stands before us, a figure symbolic of all good, her Holy Child in her arms, her sweet, musing, prayerful face bending over it in gravely tender devotion. From her soft breast humanity springs renewed,—she represents the youth, the hope, the love of all mankind. Wronged as she has been, and as she still is, her patience never fails. Deceived, she 'mends her broken shell with pearl', and still trusts on. Her sweet credulousness is the same as ever it was;—the 'subtil' one can always over-reach her through her too ready confidence in the idea that 'all things work together for good'. Her 'curse' is the crime of loving too well,—believing too much. Should a 'subtil' one say he loves her, she honestly thinks he does. When he turns out, as often happens, to be looking after her money rather than herself, she can scarcely force her mind to realize that he is not so much a hero as a cad. When she has to earn her own living in any of the artistic professions, she will frequently tell all her plans, hopes and ambitions to 'subtil' ones with the most engaging frankness. The 'subtil' ones naturally take every advantage of her, and some of them put a stopgap on her efforts if they can. A good many people in London know privately the story of a certain beautiful woman in society who composed an admirable opera, and played the melodies of it over to a third-rate musician who professed to be her lover. The third-rate rascal stole all her music, and produced the opera as his own. She had no remedy, as to bring the matter before the law would have necessitated making public the intimacy between her and the thief of her ideas. So she held her peace; and of her broken heart and ruined hopes the world at large is ignorant. But no wonder that like the hero of Swinburne's 'Triumph of Time' she says she 'will hate sweet music her whole life long'!

How many times men have tried to steal away the honour of a woman's name and fame in literature need not here be chronicled. Of how many books, bearing a woman's name on the title-page it is said—"Her husband helped her,"—or "She got Mr. So-and-So to write the descriptive part!" 'George Eliot' has often been accused of being assisted in her novels by Mr. Lewes. A little incident,—touching enough to my mind,—is related in the memoirs of Charlotte Bronté. After her marriage, and when she was expecting the birth of her child, she was reading some of the first chapters of an intended new novel to her husband,—who, as he listened, said in that peculiarly encouraging way which is common to men who have gifted women to deal with—"You seem to be repeating yourself. You must take care not to repeat yourself." Poor little soul! She never 'repeated' herself,—she just died. No one can tell how her husband's thoughtless phrase may have teazed or perplexed her sensitive mind in a critical condition of health, and helped to hasten the fatal end.

Edward Fitzgerald's celebrity as a scholar is not, and never will be wide enough to blot out from remembrance his brutal phrase on hearing of the death of Elizabeth Barrett Browning—

"Mrs. Browning is dead. Thank God we shall have no more Aurora Leighs!"

While, far more creditable to Algernon Charles Swinburne than his own praise of himself now unfortunately affixed to the newly collected edition of his works, is the praise he bestows on this noble woman-genius in his preface to her great poem. I quote one line of it here—

"No English contemporary poet by profession has left us work so full of living fire."

For once, and in this particular instance, Accursëd Eve in literature has, in such a verdict, won her merited literary honours.

But as a rule honours are with-held from her, and the laurel is filched from her brows by Coward Adam ere she has time to wear it. One flagrant case is well known, of a man who having lived entirely on a woman's literary earnings for years, went about in the clothes her pen had paid for, among the persons to whom, through her influence, he had been introduced, boasting that he assisted her to write the greater part of her books. To their shame be it said, a great many people believed him; and not till he was dead, and the woman went on writing her books as before, did they even begin to see the wrong they had done her. They would not have dared to calumniate the false boaster as they calumniated the innocent hard worker. The boaster was a man,—the worker was a woman;—therefore

the dishonour of passing off literary work not one's own must, so they imagined, naturally belong to Accursëd Eve,—not to Coward Adam! Of their humiliation when the real truth was known, history sayeth nothing.

Yet with all the weight of her curse more or less upon her, and with all her sorrows, shattered ideals, wrecked hopes, and lost loves, Accursëd Eve is still the most beautiful, the most perfect figure in creation. Her failings, her vanities, her weaknesses, her sins, arise in the first place from love—even if afterwards, through Coward Adam's ready encouragement, they degenerate into vice and animalism. Her first impulse in earliest youth is a desire to please Adam,—the same impulse precisely, which led her to offer him the forbidden apple in the first days of their mutual acquaintance. She wishes to charm him,—to win his heart,—to endear herself to him in a thousand tender ways,—to wind herself irretrievably round his life. If she succeeds in this aim, she is invariably happy and virtuous. But if she is made to feel that she cannot hold him on whom her thoughts are centred,—if his professed love for her only proves weak and false when put to trial,—if he finds it easy to forget both sentiment and courtesy, and is quick to add insult to injury, then all the finer and more delicate emotions of her nature become warped and unstrung,—and though she endures her suffering because she must, she resents it and takes vengeance when she can. Of resentfulness against wrong and revenge for injustice, come what are called 'bad women.' Yet I would humbly venture to maintain that even these 'bad' were not bad in the first instance. They were born in the usual way, with the usual Eve impulse,—the desire to please, not themselves, but the opposite sex. If their instinctive efforts have been met with cruelty, oppression, neglect, desertion and sometimes the most heartless and cowardly betrayal, they can scarcely be blamed if they play the same tricks on the unloving, disloyal churls for whom they have perhaps sacrificed the best part of their lives. For innocent faith and trusting love *are* the best part of every woman's life; and when these are destroyed by the brutalizing touch of some Coward Adam, the woman may well claim compensation for her soul's murder.

Accursëd Eve! Still she loves,—to find herself fooled and cheated; still she hopes, even while hope eludes her,—still she waits, for what she may never win,—still she prays prayers that may never be answered,—still she bears and rears the men of the future, wondering perchance whether any of them will ever help to do her justice,—will ever place her where she should be as the acknowledged queenly 'help-meet' of her stronger, but less enduring partner! Beautiful, frail, trusting, loving, Accursëd Eve! She bends beneath the curse,—but the clouds are lifting!—there is light in the sky of her future dawn! And it may be that a worse malediction than the one pronounced in Eden, will fall on those who make her burden of life heavier to bear!

Ouida.

Japanese Ladies at rest

Mme. Chrysanthemum is not without the vanities of her sex. Her head-rest during slumber consists of a small round wooden pillow upon which she rests her neck in order to prevent any disarray of her elaborately oiled and decorated coiffure

Beauties of other Climes

[*Special Illustrated Supplement*]

Photo by *Raphael*

Algerian Carpet-makers

The French Colonial Government, desirous of helping the failing industry of carpet-making, recently despatched a Mission to the Algerian Sahara, which was successful, chiefly owing to the endeavours of Madame le Roux. This lady was able to converse with the real makers of carpets, the Arab women at Biskara, and, owing to her efforts, native interest in an almost expiring industry was revived

BEAUTIES OF OTHER CLIMES: THE PHILIPPINES

From Stereograph, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

In the Shade of the Palm

This dainty little maiden from the Philippine Islands, having Spanish blood in her veins, comes nearer to the European type of beauty than any of her dusky sisters in the following pages

BEAUTIES OF OTHER CLIMES: TIBET

From Stereograph, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

From the Borders of Tibet

This represents a bridegroom with his bride from Bhutan, on the borders of Tibet. The Bhatias, who are credited with being such expert soldiers that their residences have the appearance of Swiss châlets, were subdued by Tibetan soldiery some 200 years ago

BEAUTIES OF OTHER CLIMES: CHINA

From Stereograph, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

A Charmer from Canton

As is well known, Chinese ladies are considered beautiful in inverse ratio to the size of their feet. The lady in the illustration, with her lily feet, is considered a great beauty

OUR SHORT STORY

PUNKAHS AND PUNKAHWALAS

By SHELLAND BRADLEY

It was the beginning of May, and I had just come down from a month in the hills. After the glorious freshness of the higher latitude among the snows, the heat in Sumhanaggar seemed unbearable.

Nothing but a charming little note of welcome from Berengaria, with an invitation to tea at half-past four, which I had found awaiting me on my arrival the night before, would have induced me to start out at such an absurdly early hour in the afternoon.

To my surprise, Berengaria, herself apparently unconscious of the heat and the dust, was standing at the top of the verandah steps as I drove up. She was talking to the faithful David, still her right-hand man and confidential manager. Behind him stood two scantily clad, low caste natives, who might have been grass cutters, punkahwalas, malis, or some other of the usual retinue of outdoor menials.

"So glad to see you back again," said Berengaria, as she gave me her hand and a charming smile, "wonderfully cool, isn't it, for the time of the year?"

I looked at her doubtfully, but she was perfectly cool and serious, and regarding me with that calm, half-pitying gaze with which a cool person always does regard a hot one.

"All right, David, these two men will do. Tell them they can begin work from to-night. I'm just engaging my night punkahwalas," she continued, turning to me.

I remarked that they both looked capable, though I privately thought they looked old and sleepy, but I would have said anything just then to get inside under a punkah.

"Perhaps they are a bit old," said Berengaria, regarding them critically as if divining my thoughts. "But I make a point of never engaging young punkahwalas: there's no keeping them awake. You're quite sure these men will pull well, David?"

"These men giving Missus no trouble," David assured her in his best manner with his confident, protective smile.

"And you're quite sure they don't work somewhere else all day and won't drop off to sleep at night when they ought to be pulling my punkah?"

"These men giving Missus no trouble," David reassured her, his tolerant smile expanding. "David seeing these men sleeping all day and pulling punkah all night."

"Well, I only hope they will," said Berengaria less confidently than usual and doubtless mindful of former experiences, whereupon David and the newest addition to Berengaria's household salaamed and disappeared round the corner of the verandah. Just then a *kitmutgar*, to my infinite joy, announced that tea was ready, and we passed into the drawing-room discoursing of the ways and doings of punkahwalas.

For a moment I didn't notice it, and then the awful truth overwhelmed me. There was no punkah in the room! The very thought of sitting down to drink tea in that heat without a punkah was appalling. My head felt fit to burst already. It was only with an effort that I realised that Berengaria was still talking as gaily as ever.

"Don't you think so?" I was dimly conscious of her asking me suddenly, as she came to a pause.

"Boys require too much sleep," I remember her saying as she sat down to pour out tea. "Last year I engaged boy punkahwalas, but never again. They ruined sleep and temper alike, and I had to learn abusive words in the vernacular to make them pull at all."

"Who added to your vocabulary?" I asked, remembering Berengaria's scanty acquaintance with the language.

"Well," said Berengaria slowly, as she passed me a cup of tea, "I knew it was no use asking the Commissioner, because he never says anything stronger than 'oolu,' and that has no effect at all upon a sleepy punkahwala. So I had to resort to David. I asked him what one native called another when he was very angry, and he gave me quite a long list of words. I learned them off by heart, and used them as a kind of volley whenever the punkah stopped."

I trembled to think what Berengaria had called those punkahwalas.

"Did you know what the words meant?" I asked tentatively, sipping my tea.

"Not in the least," said Berengaria with cheerful irresponsibility, helping herself liberally to sugar and cream.

"Didn't you ask David what the words meant?" I ventured.

"No; why should I?" Berengaria laughed softly. "The punkah always went on again violently before I'd finished. What more could anyone want?"

Having once heard David abusing the ayah, I feared that Berengaria must have wounded those unfortunate punkahwalas in their tenderest feelings, besides abusing all their relations to the third and fourth generations. I hinted something of the kind to Berengaria.

"Will you drive me to tea with Mrs. Lovejoy to-morrow afternoon?" she asked suddenly, changing the subject. "She has asked a few people to tea to see her new house, and told me to be sure and bring you if you were back."

Mrs. Lovejoy was the wife of a planter and man of many trades, whose money had been made in the good old days, and who had just built a fine two-storied house at the end of the station.

(All rights reserved)

"I must start early, though, as I've promised to be at a meeting at the Padre's at five o'clock," Berengaria said, as she buttoned up her gloves. "So be sure you are here at half-past three."

Of course, if Berengaria wanted to start at that abnormal hour on a hot day, it was not for me to say "No." I groaned in spirit, but arrived punctually on the following afternoon.

It was evident, as we drove up to the Lovejoys, that we were early. The house had that shut-up, all-asleep look that most Indian houses have in the afternoon during the hot weather. A *chaprassie* lay full length in a shady corner, and not another sign of life was to be seen, save a punkahwala lazily pulling the punkah of an upstairs room. I helped Berengaria out of the *tum-tum*, and she passed on up the steps into the verandah, while I turned to give some directions to the syce. Suddenly I heard Berengaria's voice uplifted in unmistakably angry tones.

"Oh! how dare you!" I caught the words spoken in a kind of breathless staggered amazement. "Oh! how dare you!"

I turned in surprise and alarm, and ran quickly up the steps. Berengaria was standing in a threatening manner over the punkahwala a little further off along the verandah.

"Oh! how dare you!" she repeated again, stamping her foot. It seemed as if further speech failed her.

I looked on in astonished surprise, trying to grasp the situation. The punkahwala, with a frightened look, was crouching on the ground, and the punkah rope hung loose in his hand. He had quite forgotten his present duties in alarm at the sudden apparition of this wrathful *memsahib*.

"Don't you see!" Berengaria cried, turning to me and pointing at him fiercely with the parasol, "Don't you see! That's my night punkahwala!"

Then I understood the cause of Berengaria's wrath. The night punkahwala she had engaged the day before was the Lovejoys' day punkahwala!

"That's why you went to sleep at least a dozen times last night, you *budmash*!" hissed Berengaria, fairly beside herself with rage, and swinging her parasol threateningly in the air.

I swung round quickly, and took an interest in the palms and crotons. If the Commissioner *memsahib* should be had up for *marpit*, I thought it just as well to be able to swear that I hadn't seen it.

Then, all in a twinkling, as I looked the other way, it happened. An irate voice from above—I recognised it as Mr. Lovejoy's—demanded, in no complimentary language, why the punkah had stopped again. There was the rapid sound of a *jhilmil* flung back, and the sharp splash of a volume of water through the air. I turned round in horror, just in time to catch a glimpse of an empty jug and a livid, horrified face at the window, and the whole force of the water descending, straight as a die, on Berengaria's head. Simultaneously the parasol descended on the back of the punkahwala, and the contents of the jug on the Commissioner *memsahib*.

With a faint shriek Berengaria jumped back. For a moment she was dazed. Then, in a flash, as she caught sight of her soaked, bedraggled garments, she realised her awful fate.

"Quick!" she gasped; "take me home. No one must see me like this!"

I sprang down the steps to recall the *tum-tum*. Fortunately, the horse had not been unharnessed, and in two minutes we were speeding down the drive on our way home.

"Drive quickly," said Berengaria, putting up the pale blue sunshade that, fortunately, had escaped the deluge. "I must get home and change and back again as soon as I can."

I admired Berengaria's courage. It was soon destined to receive a shock. Just at the gates we met the Rudest Woman in Asia driving in. Berengaria cowered under the pale blue sunshade.

"What! are you just gone away?" cried the Rudest Woman, peering suspiciously under the lowered parasol as the *tum-tums* flashed past. Fortunately, there was no time to answer, but the thought of the Rudest Woman's triumph when the story of her humiliation was regaled to her at tea made Berengaria furious.

"Stop!" she cried to me, as we swung round a corner of the road just out of sight of the house. "Quick! have you got a pencil and a scrap of paper?"

I drew up by the side of the road, and fortunately had both. Berengaria scribbled something on a loose sheet of my pocket-book, folded it up and addressed it to Mr. Lovejoy. The syce took it with many hurried instructions as to the method of its delivery, and to waste no time. What Berengaria said in that note I never knew, but the story of that little scene in the verandah never got abroad. We sat in the *tum-tum* waiting for the syce's return.

"I suppose my hat's ruined," said Berengaria dolefully, yet with an appealing look at me to say it wasn't.

I looked at it doubtfully. That chiffon confection I had so much admired not an hour ago hung limp and feeble, all askew.

"Oh, no!" I said hastily, catching Berengaria's eye, as I surveyed it. I felt that anything was better than the truth just then. "It will be all right when it's dry," I added hopefully.

Fortunately the syce returned before Berengaria was able to demand further sacrifices of truth on my part. I devoted all my attention to driving back to the house in record time. Berengaria was unwontedly silent. Almost before I had pulled up she had jumped out and run up the verandah steps.

"I won't be five minutes," she said, as she disappeared inside the bungalow.

To my infinite surprise she was back again, trim and smart, in another bewitching hat and costume, in something very little, if at all, over the five minutes.

I drove back rapidly again, so that we might not be noticeably late. We arrived in excellent time. Only half a dozen people were there before us, prominent among whom was the Rudest Woman in Asia, and the new Deputy Commissioner, whom Berengaria had described, after their first meeting, as "an unwashed-looking little man, who wore pince-nez and frayed trousers." Berengaria sailed in grace-

"Don't you see!" Berengaria cried, turning to me and pointing at him fiercely with her parasol, "Don't you see: That's my night punkahwala!"

fully, though I knew she was in a state of terror that her adventure might have leaked out. I saw at once, from the Rudest Woman's face, that we were safe so far. Presently, to my horror, I heard someone across the room mention the word punkahwala. A glance, however, at Berengaria's face reassured me. She herself had led up to the subject, she confessed to me afterwards. She said she had felt irresistibly drawn to talk of punkahwalas—partly to see if her terrible adventure were known.

"I once knew of an engagement that was broken off, owing to a punkahwala," Berengaria was saying.

"Oh!" I said, looking round quickly, as I felt Berengaria's imagination was running away with her, "You make a mistake if you refer to my little experience. I hadn't proposed."

"But you almost had," urged Berengaria, as if pleading with me not to deprive the story of half its interest.

"I had made up my mind to do it next day," I admitted.

"I've always thought," said Berengaria, "that you've never told me quite all the story."

The Rudest Woman stopped "making up violently" to the new Deputy Commissioner, as some people put it, and thrust in her word.

"Do tell us all about it," she said.

"Well, it was like this," I began, as I saw they expected to hear the story. "It is all so long ago, and the lady, now happily married at home, used to tell the tale herself, so that I don't feel any compunction in relating the circumstances.

"I was staying with the lady's family, and had been out to a bachelor dinner at the club, returning home about eleven o'clock."

"Extraordinarily early for a bachelor dinner," murmured the Rudest Woman.

"As it happened," I continued, ignoring the interruption, "everyone had gone to bed, and not a servant was to be seen in the verandah."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed the Rudest Woman, "that you couldn't find your room."

"No," I said, with a touch of hauteur, annoyed at these repeated interruptions; "it was my punkahwala that was not to be found. It was impossible to sleep on a baking hot night, such as that was, without a punkah. I couldn't call out and wake the whole house at that time of night, and a search round the dark verandah was only productive of two punkahwalas, both at work, pulling at different rooms at either end of the house. I could think of nothing else to do, so, in a rash moment, I took the rope from the hands of one of them, and sent him off to find my punkahwala, with strict injunctions to hurry back. The man ran off, and I stood pulling the punkah. It was rather amusing at first, and I pulled so strongly and vigorously that I felt the individual inside, if awake, must be wondering at the sudden energy."

"What a joke one might have had," said the Rudest Woman.

"It came to be something more than a joke," I said, "as I went on pulling and the wretched man I had sent off didn't return. It grew horribly monotonous, and my arm began to ache badly. I felt tired and sleepy, and in a weak moment I sat down on the punkahwala's box. I suddenly realised that I was absolutely at the man's mercy. What if he didn't come back at all! I should have to sit pulling that punkah all night! It seemed ages that he had been away. I distinctly remember nodding once or twice and pulling myself together, and then nothing more until I awoke to a whack on the head, and an apparition in the doorway."

Everybody laughed.

"Who was it?" asked one of the guests breathlessly.

"It was a lady!" I said hesitatingly.

"*The* lady," murmured Berengaria.

"What! not the one you were going to propose to next day?" insinuated the Rudest Woman in Asia.

"Yes."

"Oh! how interesting!"

There was a pause. I'm sure everyone wanted to hear more, but was afraid of showing undue curiosity. The Rudest Woman maintained her reputation for intrepidity.

"What did she look like?" she asked.

The question took me by surprise.

"Oh, something white and lacy," I stammered uncertainly.

Berengaria blushed, but the Rudest Woman evidently wanted to hear more.

"And you didn't propose next day?" she said.

"No."

Again there was a pause; again it was broken by the Rudest Woman:

"Won't you tell us why?"

I hesitated. Berengaria stepped into the breach.

"He has been known to say that one taste of that lady's shoe and tongue was enough," she answered for me.

"Was that all?" asked the Rudest Woman, in a tone of evident disappointment.

"Her language was rather strong, even to a punkahwala," I pleaded.

"And the shoe hurt?"

"It was an extremely well-directed blow," I admitted, "and, I fear, showed unmistakable signs of previous practice."

"I don't believe that's all," said the Rudest Woman, unconvinced.

I felt I was being pushed too far, and rose to put down my cup.

"That's all I've ever heard," murmured Berengaria, looking up at me doubtfully.

I smiled.

"I'm sure that's not all," exclaimed the Rudest Woman confidently.

There was an effective pause. I kept my eyes on the ground. The pause grew prolonged. I felt that it was the moment to speak.

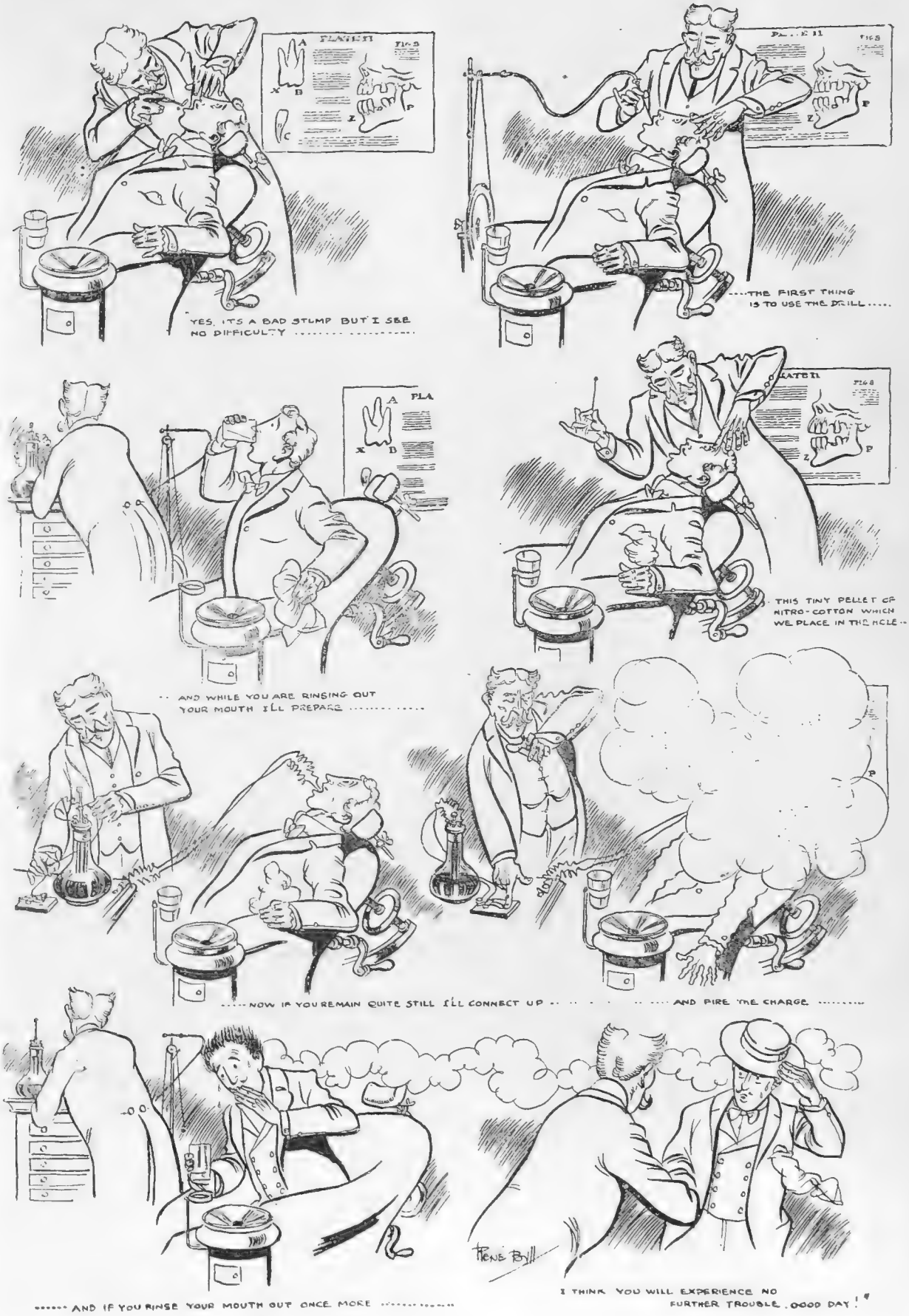
"She wore what little hair she had in curl papers," I confessed.

Several ladies moved uneasily.

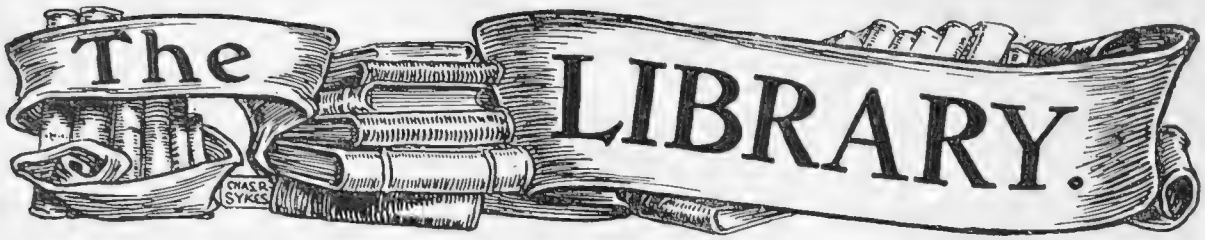
"That is really all," I added hastily.

But Berengaria blushed again, and rose to go. As we passed out, I caught one last sentence from the Rudest Woman in Asia's lips.

"Only to think," she was exclaiming ambiguously to the new Deputy Commissioner. "Only to think that that might happen to some women I know any night!"



The Charge for Painless Dentistry



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"A Fight to a Finish." Reminiscences of Campaigning in South Africa. By Major C. G. Dennison, D.S.O., late Officer Commanding Dennison's Scouts. (Longmans: 5*s.*)

"The Adventures of Buffalo Bill." By Colonel W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). (Harper: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"In the Forbidden Land." A popular edition of Mr. A. H. Savage Landor's account of his journey in Tibet. (Heinemann: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW FICTION

"Diana Please." By Bernard Capes. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Bridge of Life." By Dorothea Gerard. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Sign of the Stranger." By William Le Queux. (White and Co.: 6*s.*)

Books to Appear Shortly

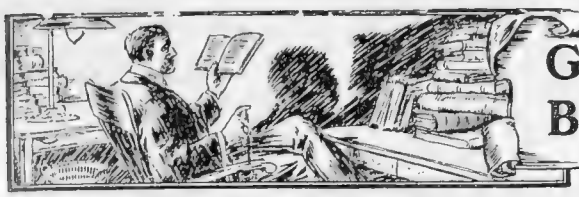
Not many people, if they were asked to name the novelist of to-day who has the biggest circulation in England, would give the correct answer—Mr. Silas Hocking. Yet we believe it is a fact that Mr. Hocking has held this record for years past, his faithful Nonconformist following having bought considerably over a million copies of his books. Both Mr. Silas Hocking and his younger brother, Mr. Joseph Hocking—who also has a record of successes which many another novelist might envy—have new books coming out this month. Mr. Joseph Hocking's volume comes first, being due from Messrs. Ward Lock on Friday. "The Coming of the King," as it is called, is another of the author's historical novels, dealing with one of the most important epochs of the Christian religion. Mr. Silas Hocking's tale—to come from Mr. Fisher Unwin on the 27th inst.—breaks new ground, the scene being laid chiefly in South Africa just before and during the war; but the heroine is a Cornish girl, and the author gets back to his native Duchy with her before the end of the book. Its title is "Meadow Sweet and Rue."

"The Last Hope," the posthumous novel by Henry Seton Merriman, which Messrs. Smith, Elder are about to publish, is strongly historical, being pivoted upon the old story that the hapless young Louis XVII., instead of dying at the Temple in Paris—after cruel treatment at the hands of his revolutionary gaolers—was smuggled from his prison and brought to England. The Dauphin is supposed to grow up in safety and leave a son, who in due course is persuaded by some old French Loyalists to make an effort to regain the throne of Louis XVI. In relating the adventures of this "Last Hope" of the Bourbons, the late Mr. Merriman found ample scope for displaying his remarkable powers of dealing with a situation charged with incident and intrigue.

A book of the future—it is too much to hope that it will appear shortly, though it has already been six years on the way—is the history of the Pontificate of Leo XIII., which the Pope himself charged Count Soderini with the task of writing long before his death. It is not generally known that Mr. Marion Crawford, whose literary bent has inclined him to serious historical work of late years, has been chosen to collaborate with Count Soderini in preparing the Anglo-American edition of this great history. It is an excellent choice, for, quite apart from his distinguished record as a man of letters, Mr. Crawford has the additional qualifications of being Italian born—last week, by the way, saw his fiftieth birthday—and receiving part of his education at the University of Rome. He nearly always spends the summer months in his Italian home at Sorrento, putting in most of the rest of his time at his house in New York.

Mr. Kipling is giving us his views on motoring in a lengthy contribution to Mr. Filson Young's illustrated book on "The Complete Motorist," which Messrs. Methuen are to publish. Sir Horace Plunkett, Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, Mr. Charles Jarrott and others also express "Some Personal Views" on various aspects of automobilism in the same work. The book, which covers all branches of the subject, is written by an amateur for amateurs, and the point of view throughout is that of the private user of motor cars.

"Royal and Historic Gloves and Ancient Shoes" seems curious matter to turn into a two-guinea book, but Messrs. Methuen have such a work in preparation. We are apt to forget, however, that our prosaic shoes and gloves have an extremely interesting story behind them, for both from their history and symbolic import they are probably the most venerable of our articles of dress. The future of the forthcoming volume is an elaborate series of plates—reproduced from photographs and paintings of the actual articles—showing gloves and footgear worn by bygone kings and queens of England, by William Shakespeare, and countless other celebrities of the past. There is an historical introduction by Mr. W. B. Redfern, and each plate has a page or more of descriptive letterpress by the same author.



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

An Author of the Old School

Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid will, I hope, forgive me if I thus describe her, for one whose first book was published forty-two years ago, and who has some sixty novels and works of travel to her credit, reaches back into the past a considerable way. It was my reference the other week to the disappearance of the old-fashioned travel book that made me think of recording the pleasure I have derived from Mrs. Macquoid's works. Her knowledge of France is not so intimate as that of Miss Betham-Edwards; she writes rather as an observant traveller than as one who has entered deeply into the life of the people, and her numerous books about France are perhaps more useful from a topographical point of view than as interpreting the French. But although it is thirty years since she wrote "Through Normandy," and nearly as many since "Through Brittany" appeared, the present-day tourist in these near provinces of old France could have no pleasanter companion than one of Mrs. Macquoid's books. The same quiet charm is to be found in her novels, and it does seem a pity that the taste for such literature is wearing away before the appetite for loud, trashy sensationalism. Mrs. Macquoid's husband is the well-known artist, T. R. Macquoid, and their life seems to me to have been an ideal one, travelling the historic lands of the Continent together and recording their impressions with pen and pencil.

Photo by *Russell*

Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid

An indefatigable author who has written some sixty novels and books of travel

The Popularity of R. L. S.

In Paris the other day I picked up a little work on R. L. Stevenson, just published in a series of studies of foreign literature. It is by M. Georges Grappe, and is the only volume of the series, with the exception of a monograph on Buysse, the Flemish novelist, devoted to the study of a single writer. The author displays intimate knowledge of his subject, and, although one may not readily subscribe to some of his opinions, the estimate of Stevenson is, on the whole, just and temperate, and the appearance of the little work is evidence of the continued interest in Stevenson's personality. "Under a garb more or less exotic, one will always find the plaid of the Scotsman," says M. Grappe of R. L. S. Scotsmen will be amused to hear of the plaid being worn, even metaphorically, *under* anything! Although some critics delight to tell us that the vogue of Stevenson has entirely worn out, I may mention that within the last few days I have had occasion to visit upwards of a score of the leading second-hand booksellers in London in search of a certain work of his, and in every case I have been assured that no writer of our time is so continuously in demand.

The Two Winstons

Mr. Winston Churchill, the American novelist, seems to be increasingly popular with English readers, if we may judge by the manner in which his latest story, "The Crossing," is being received at their hands. Good though his novels are, they are by no means so distinguished as to account for the unusual favour they enjoy on this side of the Atlantic, and I am disposed to agree with Dr. Nicoll in thinking that the works of this American writer are bought by English people under the belief that he is the son of Lord Randolph Churchill. It is certainly a remarkable circumstance that two young men, both of brilliant literary gifts, and both bearing the same uncommon name, should have taken to writing books within a few months of each other. The American Winston was born in 1871, and Lord Randolph's son in 1874, both in the month of November; but while the former studied for the Navy and became editor of a Service paper at twenty-three, our Winston Churchill turned to the Army, and had his baptism of fire with the Spanish forces in Cuba, when he was only twenty-one. His first book, that brilliant and characteristic narrative of his experiences with the Malakand Field Force, was published in 1898, and a month or two later his American namesake made his first literary success with "The Celebrity." Although the member for Oldham has sometimes used one of his middle names and subscribed himself Winston

Spencer Churchill, he has not made a regular practice of this, and thus he has added to the confusion in the public mind. One would suppose that the essentially American character of the novelist's work would be sufficient to indicate to intelligent readers that it is not from the hand of an Englishman, but I fear that the bulk of those who keep the publishers of fiction busy may not be so described. Recently the editor of a well-known daily paper told me that he had received a letter from a reader, protesting against certain passages in "The Crossing," under the impression that the novel was written by the member for Oldham.

Do We Think in Words?

This is a question raised by a correspondent in one of the weekly papers, and I take it that he is exercising his mind as to whether, when we think out some course of action, we unconsciously formulate in our mind sentences and phrases which describe the idea. I do not refer to the subject in order to advance any theory of my own, but because I remember discussing this very point with a well-known man of letters, who assured me that in "saying" his prayers he found himself unconsciously thinking the commas, semicolons, and full stops! This he attributed to the habit of dictating his stories; but, even so, it would seem to suggest that we do think in words, unless it may be urged that a prayer, although no word be spoken, is different from any other form of thought!

Mr. Tom Gallon

When is Mr. Tom Gallon going to give us another "Tatterley," or another novel as good as "Comethup"? I am tempted to ask this since one can hardly look anywhere among the newspapers just now without encountering evidences of Mr. Gallon's remarkable activity in the production of serial fiction. His success as a writer of *feuilletons* is extraordinary, and none of our novelists displays greater ingenuity in the construction of a sensational serial. But a good deal of his serial fiction is scarcely worthy of reprinting in book form, and there is the danger that in yielding to the importunities of the publishers he may be tempted at times to allow the republication of some of these newspaper stories, with results not altogether favourable to his literary reputation. This criticism is advanced in the most friendly spirit, as I am entirely persuaded of Mr. Gallon's high gifts for the writing of serious fiction. Novelists tell us that "it's the serial that pays"; but even so, it is still possible to write a serial which will serve its purpose and yet make a good book. Some of our popular writers are far too tractable in accommodating themselves to the demands of editors, when they might, with more satisfactory results from the literary point of view, make the newspaper editors accept work which has not been manufactured to meet the supposed desires of the most benighted reader. Mr. Gallon, by the way, is an author who has accomplished an immense amount of excellent work while suffering bodily ill-health, and I do not know a writer of equal popularity who more deserves his success.

Mr. Tom Gallon [*Russell*

Who has latterly given up serious fiction for the writing of *feuilletons*, to the regret of many readers of "Tatterley" and "Comethup"

Biography at Sixpence

The fact that Messrs. Blackwood are issuing a sixpenny edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's monograph on Tennyson, which appeared originally in their excellent series of "Modern English Writers," is worthy of note as an interesting experiment. Personally I do not favour the idea; it seems to me that a book of this kind is essentially for the shelf and ought to be published in boards. The sixpenny novel meets a distinct want, as very little of our contemporary fiction is worthy of preserving in one's library, and most of the standard novels one desires to have always at hand can be had very cheaply and well bound. The paper on which these sixpenny editions are printed is not worth binding in cloth covers, and as everybody who would like to possess a copy of Mr. Lang's Tennyson may be supposed a person of bookish tastes, I consider that a neat edition in cloth at one shilling would be far more acceptable. Books in paper wrappers are an eyesore on the shelves of a library, and I would more readily encourage a scheme which provided bound volumes at a minimum price as tending to foster a proper pride in one's literary possessions.

A Summer Story

Just a hint to the holiday-maker in search of a bright and amusing story. Mr. Edgar Jepson, a novelist of real ability, of one of whose earliest books I have very pleasant memory, "The Passion for Romance," published in 1896, has issued quite recently through Mr. Nash a most entertaining and altogether unconventional story, entitled "The Admirable Tinker." The hero of this delightfully improbable tale is a youngster who, among many other remarkable achievements, succeeds in selecting a stepmother, and in helping his *pater* to the match!

FLY CASTING: INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Photo by E. W. Marston *By permission of Messrs. J. Russell*

J. J. Hardy casting in Trout Fly Competition

The Americans did not beat us in the International Fly and Bait Casting Tournament, held recently at the Crystal Palace. There was the more consolation in this, in view of their success in other sports, inasmuch as contests of this kind are held much more frequently in the United States than in this country. Some anglers affect to see no good in casting tournaments, but it is quite certain that a great amount of the improvement which has been made in rods, reels, lines, etc., is due to them, while they also certainly do good, like other contests, in bringing together sportsmen from all parts of the Kingdom as well as from other countries. We are thus enabled to compare different styles of rods, different styles of casting, and profit by the experience thus gained. Although the Crystal Palace Tournament did not establish any great records it certainly showed a marked improvement in all-round casting over previous affairs of the kind, and was attended by a large number of very keenly interested anglers from all parts of the country. In the professional salmon fly casting, Mr. John Enright, the Irish champion, was first with a cast of 49 yards; Mr. John J. Hardy, of Alnwick, second with a cast of 44 yards; and Mr. E. J. Mills, of New York, third with 37½ yards. It was fully expected that both Mr. Enright and Mr. Hardy would have done much better; in fact, in practice both have done over 55 yards. In the professional trout fly casting, Mr. Enright made the longest cast ever recorded at a tournament in this country as made with a single-handed trout fly-rod. He cast 34 yds. 2 ft., and although his rod was disqualified as being one inch over the 11 ft. 6 in. limit, there is no doubt it made no difference in the actual cast. Casts of over 40 yards with rods of 10 ft. are said to have been done in America. Mr. Mills, of New York, who got third prize in the Light Bait Casting Competition, cast from the American multiplier reel, held reel uppermost on the rod, and the reel checked by pressing the thumb against the revolving barrel of the reel with the line on it. In the light bait casting (1¾ oz.), Mr. H. W. Little, who is a capital all-round angler, cast nearly 64 yards, using a "Silex" reel—I believe this is the record cast for this weight—and in the heavy bait casting (2½ oz.), Mr. J. T. Emery did 70 yards, using the same reel. Many anglers took more interest in the competition for accuracy and delicacy in fly casting than in the long-distance casting. The affair was generally considered to be most interesting and successful, there being over 200 entries. R. B. MARSTON.

Photo by E. W. Marston *By permission of Messrs. J. Russell*

E. R. Hewitt, New York, casting in Trout Fly Competition

The Pinch of War

STORIES OF SELF-SACRIFICE IN JAPANESE HOMES

By MURASAKI AYAMI

(Our readers will recollect a striking story of Japanese life in former days, which appeared in "The Bystander" recently, entitled "The Vengeance of the Samurai." The present article by the same author gives a graphic account of the war as it affects the women folk who stay behind. Murasaki Ayami, a Japanese lady, who has just returned to her own country after a stay in England, is acting as the special correspondent of "The Bystander" in Yokohama, sending us, from time to time, accounts of the domestic life during the present conditions—an aspect hitherto quite neglected by the Press)

Although all the war news is received in Japan with a quiet undemonstrativeness that is the wonder and at the same time the admiration of the foreigners residing here, I think it may be safely said that in no country in the world does the fever of patriotism burn more fiercely or deeply than it does in the heart of these brave people in the Far East. There is but *one* sentiment in Japan as regards the end of the present hostilities—and that is, that the Japanese *will be victorious!* This they consider unquestionable. Among the inner circles of the upper classes the knowledge of the difficulties and herculean task that their troops have before them but helps to strengthen the patriotic zeal and optimism; and after talking with any of the prominent men, guarded though they are in expressing their views, you are left with the firm conviction that Japan's victory is a certainty, so infectious is this spirit of determination and success —*coûte que coûte.*

Imperial Patriotism

H.M. the Emperor of Japan signified his desire to have all the ancient gold and silver coins and treasure stored in the Imperial Exchequer forwarded to the Bank of Japan—to swell the war funds that his subjects are contributing to so generously. The Empress, it is said, has disposed of many of her ornaments, the most valued of them being the combs and hairpins of gold, tortoise-shell, coral, and other precious materials; these articles are the costly portion of a Japanese lady's dress, and are handed down from mother to daughter as jewels and lace may be in European lands. In the Imperial kitchens, which are of both the European and Japanese style—for once a day, usually at noon, a European meal is served—orders have been given to economise in the cookery expenses, an example that has also been acted upon in the establishments of many of the Princes of the Blood. These are a few examples of the various ways the Emperor and Empress have revealed to the masses that for their beloved country any sacrifices are acceptable, made as they are in the spirit of loyalty.

Pathetic Incidents Viewed Here and There

It is when living in the midst of the people, and when coming in daily contact with them, both in the towns and in the country, that the full realisation of the miseries and tragedies resulting from the war is borne in upon one. A few days ago I wandered through an old cemetery that lies half hidden on the summit of the sacred island of Enoshima—a cemetery where little Buddhas and grey headstones mark the last resting-place of countless sleepers; a mound, freshly covered, where the offerings of food and the flowers not

The Sacred Island of Enoshima

Half hidden on the island's summit lies a cemetery in which mounds freshly covered with food and flowers testify to many pathetic tragedies for which the war is responsible

yet faded told of a recent sorrow; and from the old caretaker I heard this story. Oharu Nashisawa, the girl-wife of a non-commissioned officer, who was killed in the engagement in the Yalu Valley, on hearing the news of his demise, resolved to follow him, and thereby lighten her father-in-law's household expenses. She accordingly bade farewell to her family, and, arraying herself in her costliest garments, placed her husband's portrait in the tokonoma,* and falling on her knees before it, cut her throat with a small dagger. Already want and misery among the poorer families, whose fathers and husbands have been ordered to the front, are being keenly felt, and in some of the larger cities endeavours are made to sell little girls for a few yen† to the proprietors of the Geisha-ya‡, which means a training for years in a career not regarded as wholly respectable, and which is fraught with every temptation to do evil. Happily the commissioners connected with the numerous charitable organisations recently started, have done, and are doing, all in their power to prevent such occurrences.

A sight now met with at many of the temples and places of worship in Japan is very touching. Women may be seen who, after prostrating themselves before their gods and chanting a prayer or two, raise their hands to their heads and cut off their hair—thus not only signifying that they are widows, but registering the vow that they will not marry again. The severed

A Photograph with a tragic history

This illustration is from a photograph of Kichi Nashisawa, a non-commissioned officer, who was slain in an engagement in the Yalu Valley. On learning the news his girl-wife placed his portrait in front of her and committed suicide by cutting her throat with a small dagger. The Japanese characters forming Kichi Nashisawa's signature are reproduced here

* An alcove found in all Japanese rooms, reserved for the household's most sacred belongings.

† Two shillings equal to one yen.

‡ Establishments where dancing girls are trained.

The famous Ikegami Temple

"In front of the famous Ikegami Temple, not many miles from Tokyo, hangs a long rope several inches in circumference made solely of human hair—the sacrifices made at the beginning of the war by countless women"

A Group of Geisha Girls Rehearsing

Already want and misery among the poorer families, whose fathers and husbands have been ordered to the front, are being keenly felt, and endeavours are made to sell the little girls for a few years to the proprietors of the Geisha-Ya

locks are then bound with a broad band of white paper and hung up at the entrance to the inner chapel, there to remain until a sufficient number of such offerings have been collected to weave into rope, as the rope made from human hair is said to possess an amazing strength and is much valued in the field and on the ships where cords of great durability are required. In front of the famous Ikegami temple, not many miles from Tokyo, hangs a long rope several inches in circumference, made solely of human hair—the sacrifices made at the beginning of the Japan-China war by countless women anxious to add their little mite for the benefit of the country.

Safe Travelling in the Interior of Japan

It may not be amiss to contradict in the pages of THE BYSTANDER defamatory statements that have appeared in some of the newspapers abroad as to the danger attendant on foreigners residing or travelling in Japan at the present time. This is not only absolutely false, but cruel, for the attitude of the Japanese people towards foreigners, both in the large towns and off the beaten tracks, is respectful and courteous —more than ordinarily so since the outbreak of the war; which perhaps arises from an instinct that seeks and seems to spell sympathy in their present struggle. The torpedoing of the two Japanese transports, the *Sado Maru* and the *Hitachi Maru*, by the Vladivostok Squadron, in which nearly two thousand men were literally slaughtered by the least merciful methods, has left hundreds of families to mourn the loss of some brave fellow. The Japanese Government have expressed their heartfelt sympathy with the families of those British officers who were in command of the transports and subsequently lost their lives, and have granted to the widows pensions that in liberality exceed those granted either by Great Britain or the United States.

The ill-fated Sado Maru photographed in Yokohama Harbour

The *Sado Maru* is the Japanese transport which was sunk by the Vladivostok Squadron, resulting in great loss of life to the troops

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Necessity for Training in Golf Competitions

The fact that Jack White, since the Championship, has been laid more or less on the shelf, has led me to rake over the ashes of an old controversy between Mr. Hilton and myself. At the close of the Amateur Championship, at Hoylake, two years ago, in reviewing the competition, I wrote that it was evident that in these days it was necessary for a would-be champion to come trained to the post, in order to give himself a fair chance of winning. Mr. Hilton took the opposite view, and maintained that no variation in a man's ordinary life was necessary, but that all he need do was to play as many hard matches as possible before the tournament opened. On this latter point my contention was that too many hard matches would probably result in staleness, with its inevitable concomitant of bad golf. Now, by training at golf, I need hardly say that I do not mean the preparation a man has to undergo for a running or rowing race.

Methods of Training

Each game or sport has its separate method of training. Most of those who enter for either championship are men who are playing golf all the time; therefore no special preparation is necessary as far as the actual game is concerned, and the only danger which has to be avoided is that rock of offence, staleness, which lurks in waiting for the player who indulges too much in the delights of the game. Outside of the game I should say that a player should live as moderately as possible in the matter of eating, drinking, and smoking. Extremes are to be avoided in any case. A man who is accustomed to moderation in eating, drinking, and smoking need make hardly any change at all in his way of living. The golden old rule, early to bed and early to rise, is almost the whole of the gospel of golf training, for, combined with good practice matches, and a careful avoidance of liqueurs, extra whiskeys and sodas, and too many strong cigars or inhaled cigarettes, I will wager that it will bring a man to the first tee with nerves, eye, and hand as steady as a rock.

The Strain of Competitions

The old haphazard methods of entering for these big competitions will not do. The history of the past few years shows us what a tremendous strain a player has to undergo in either of the Championships. Anyone who has any doubts on this question need only take the case of Mr. Charles Hutchings, who, since the wonderful victory he achieved two years ago at Hoylake, has been unable to play golf except on very rare and fitful occasions. We were all delighted to see him again at Sandwich this year showing all his old interest in the game, but, alas! we were unable to see him taking part in it in that brilliant and stubborn fashion which carried him to success at Hoylake. I think Mr. Hutchings would unhesitatingly answer any inquirer by declaring that the strain of that memorable contest told on him to such a degree that he has been a sufferer ever since from acute neuritis in one of his arms. I am certain that if he had not entered that contest carefully trained in a golf sense, he would never have been able to win through. Jack White was carefully trained, possibly too much so, but it is evident that the strain of that last round and the painful excitement entailed by the extraordinary efforts of Braid and Taylor to tie with his score proved too much for him. In the old days golf was taken in a much less strenuous fashion, but nowadays "efficiency" is the watchword of this as of all other forms of business or sport, and he who means to come out on top must neglect no means which will ensure greater accuracy and power in the game in which he desires to excel.

Superiority of Professionals

Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the professionals are out-distancing the amateurs. The amateur, for the most part, takes his luck as it comes, and does not trouble to knock off any of his pet pleasures, whether they be drinking, smoking, or sitting up late in a hot room playing bridge. Success or defeat means to him nothing more than one more or one less pleasure in life. But think what it means to a professional, from a business point of view, to win the championship. His sale of clubs immediately increases, for everyone wants to buy clubs from the man who is open champion; the trade of his shop gets an immense boom; he is sought after by various golf companies for the imprimatur of his opinion of their goods; he gets a great increase of engagements of a lucrative nature to play in competitions over new links, and his advice and help are requisitioned and well paid in laying out new courses, while he can command his own terms as professional to one of the leading clubs. All these possible rewards make it a *sine qua non* that the professional should leave no stone unturned to make and keep himself as efficient a golf-playing machine as possible, and I think you will find very few of the best professionals who, in my sense of the word, do not train for the big competitions. My advice, therefore, to embryo amateur and open champions is to prepare themselves carefully for either event, always remembering that moderation in training is just as necessary as moderation in living.

Ernest Lehmann

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

An Eight-mile Limit

The Henley Corporation, which hitherto has been kind to motorists, is now proposing to apply for a speed-limit of eight miles an hour. While parts of the town are a little narrow, yet such a limit is not in reason, and I hope the Local Government Board will not grant it. Perhaps in the golden future, when the police have ceased from troubling, Henley may adopt an attitude which will pay the town better. The fair mile having been widened, that splendid avenue may witness speed contests which will rival Ostend or Bexhill, while on alternate days of the week motor-launches may race up the Regatta course.

Motor Competition

The railway companies are complaining that motor-cars, among other causes, are affecting their dividends. Both the progress and the competition of the automobile and the motor wagon were referred to at the London Brighton and South Coast Railway Company and the Great Eastern Railway Company meetings. Lord Claud Hamilton, the chairman of the latter company, however, informed his shareholders at the same time that a service of motor-cars had been started between Lowestoft and Southwold. It was well patronised, he said, and was giving satisfaction to the public. The success of this link on the Great Eastern

Photo by *Campbell Gray*

La Tortajada, the famous Spanish dancer, in her Clement-Talbot Car

La Tortajada is almost as well-known to audiences in England as to the people of her own country. Like many of her profession she is a very keen motorist

Railway Company's system, and the fact that the Great Western Railway Company have established similar lines of cars in connection with some of their stations, point a moral. The Boards of our big railway companies should recognise the immense possibilities of motor-car services as feeders for their systems, both with regard to passengers and parcels. They will then convert what they now regard as a possible competitor into an active and useful servant.

An English Ostend

Some good sport was witnessed at Bexhill on the recent Bank Holiday. The three days motor carnival starting well with fine weather and a good attendance. The proceedings opened in the morning with a "Beauty Competition," prizes being awarded to the best appointed motor-cars, suitable costume of drivers and passengers being taken into account. Among the judges were the Countess De La Warr, Lady Mary Sackville, and Lady Frances Hope. The task of deciding between the sixty-three competitors was not an easy one, but eventually the first prize was awarded to Mr. Walker Munro's handsome Napier brougham, the second to Mr. Gurney Preston's 28 h.-p. Mercédès, while Mr. S. F. Edge took the third with a 20 h.-p. Napier. In the afternoon speed contests for touring cars took place over a kilometre course with a standing start—as the cars had to finish up Galley Hill the times were necessarily slow.

The Circuit Ardennes: Heath, the winner's, Panhard car after the race

The race of the big cars over a course with no controls proved most exciting. Heath, the winner, averaged 57½ miles over the course of 375 miles

Police Traps (continued

I hear a ain from my readers that the little list of police traps has been of use. Will motorists help me to make it as complete as possible, by sending me early information of any measured distances? Besides the places mentioned in my two previous lists I advise you all to

SLOW UP

On the main road through Surbiton.
Four miles from Grantham, on the road to London.
On the main road between Tukeley and Dunmow, in Essex.
In the Washington district, on the Worthing road.
Through Loughborough town.
At Blackpool, near Castle Gardens, one mile each side of Great Ecclestone, also outside Preston on the main Lancaster road.
Between the outskirts of Coventry and Towcester.

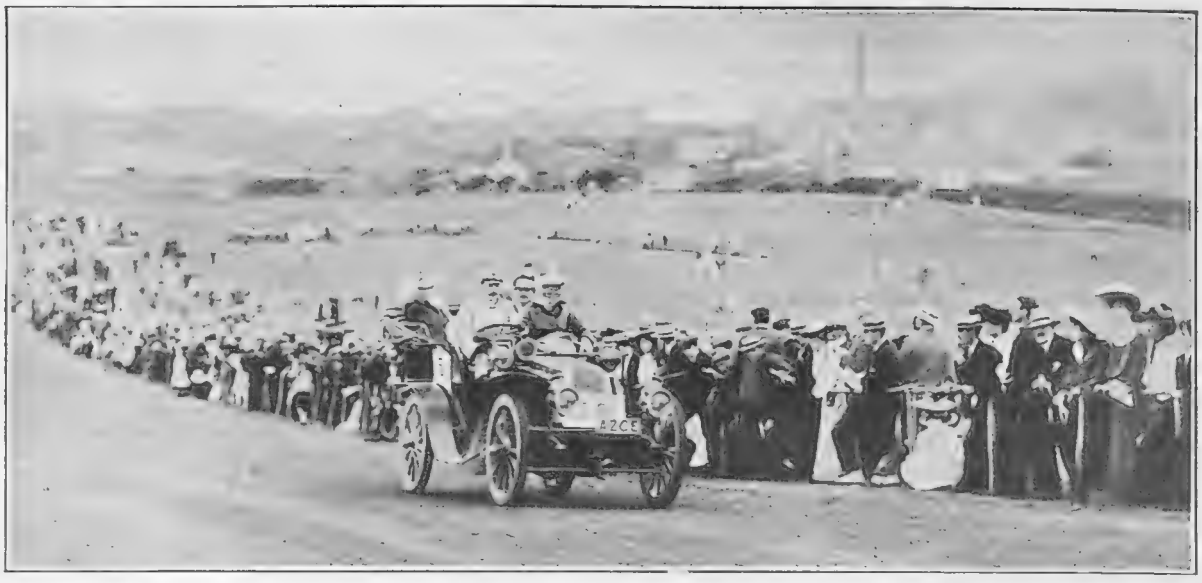
If any motorist who is caught in a regular trap, other than those I have already mentioned, will at once wire me particulars for insertion in this list, I shall be pleased to forward him for the ensuing twelve weeks a copy of this paper gratis.

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.

We believe that by doing this we shall be providing a long-felt want to motor lovers, as many bargains, agreeable to both parties, may thus be arranged.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.



The Motor Carnival at Bexhill: 14 h.-p. Renault runs a heat in class for cars from £550 to £750
The car is being driven by Mr. H. R. Wilding

Answers to Correspondents

J.K.B.—The motor (Aster) you name is in the first rank. Carefully made from good materials by a firm which has had great experience in engine building, it is hard to beat. To prove that their motors are really first class, I have only to remind you that amongst other firms, Messrs. Dennis Bros., of Guildford, and the Argyle Co., of Glasgow, have fitted them in their cars for some time past; while Messrs. Clement and the Gladiator Company, of Paris, who last year put Clement engines into their cars, have this year fitted Aster motors in their new types.

PUNCTURE.—Yes, the nail removers designed and made by Michelin et Cie., of Paris, are really efficient. If properly fitted, according to the instructions given, they will catch and throw off all the nails and sharp pieces of flint which the driving wheels pick up. Get a coach-builder to make the iron brackets which support them.

D.D.—No, the De Dion Company have, up to the present, only supplied one and two-cylinder motors. There is, however, a new 24 h.-p. shortly coming on the market. One of the first of the type made its appearance during the recent French tour. The cylinders are cast separately, not in pairs.

The Motor Carnival at Bexhill: A Snapshot of Earl De La Warr
Earl De La Warr, who is the largest property owner at Bexhill, and who laid out the race track—the only one of its kind in England—worked extremely hard to make the Motor Carnival a success

Toujours la Politesse

SHE *(after holding for some twenty-five minutes an animated conversation in French, to her own satisfaction and her companion's mystification)*; "Well, *au revoir*, Count! By the way, my French accent is rather good now, isn't it?"

HE: "Madame, eet ees wonderful. In all my life I haf nevare heard anything like eet."

A MILLIONAIRE'S WHIM: The Late Mr. W. C. Whitney's Buffalo Herd

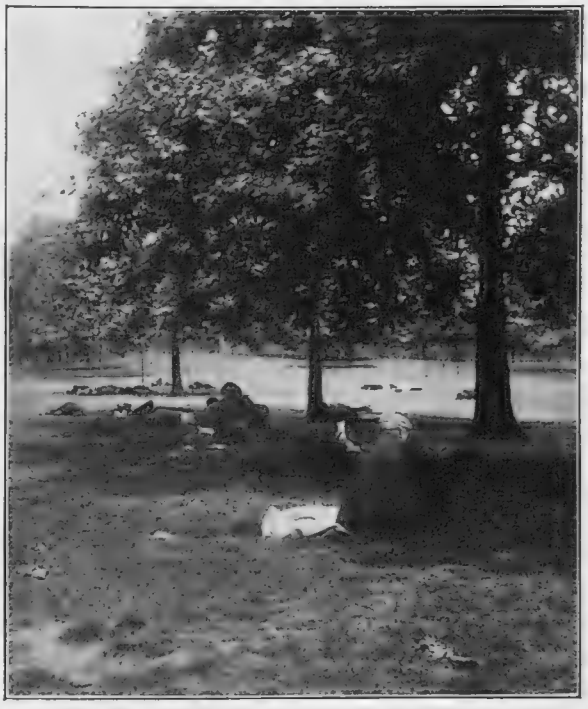
A Shaggy Veteran of the Plains

The buffalo in its native state is well-nigh extinct in the United States, though efforts are being made in the Yellowstone Park, and by owners of private zoos, to breed them. The animal seen in our illustration is a fine specimen, captured wild, and is the leader of the late Mr. W. C. Whitney's herd

A Herd of Buffaloes belonging to the Whitney Family

The late Mr. W. C. Whitney, the American millionaire, whose will has recently been proved, was extremely interested in preserving the whole race of buffaloes from becoming wholly extinct, and kept together the private herd seen above

THE HEAT WAVE



Photos by *Brunell*

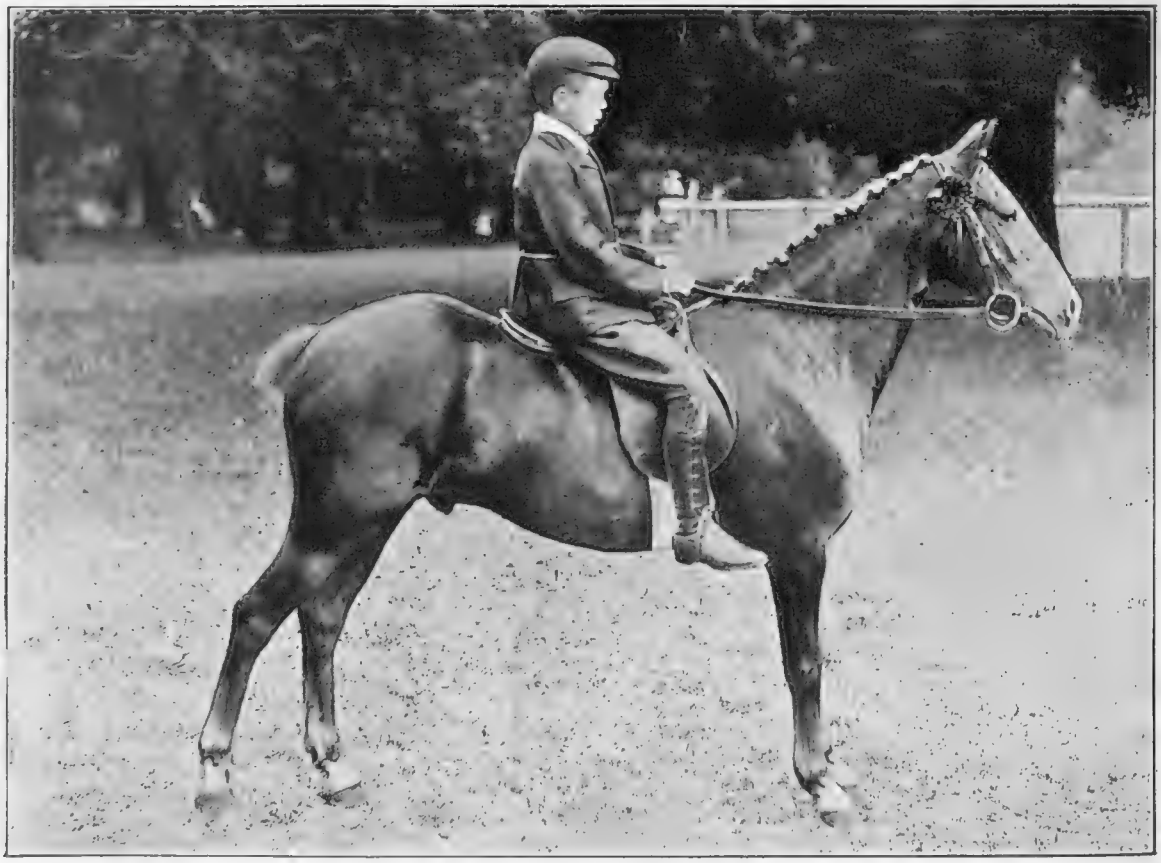
Weary Willie in London takes it Lying Down

Photo by *Coster*

Holiday-makers by the Seaside put up with a Temperature of 130 degrees in the Joy of getting Sunburned

YOUTHFUL PRIZEWINNERS AT THE ROMFORD HORSE SHOW

Miss Dorothy Clarke on her black gelding "Nigger" (First Prize, Class 12, Ponies)



Photos by *Cartwright*

Mr. G. F. Avila's chestnut gelding "Surprise II.," winner of First Prize in Class 14, Ponies

JAPANESE JUGGLERY : THE TEN-ICHIS AT THE ALHAMBRA

A Clever Water Trick

These Japanese Jugglers perform the most wonderful tricks ever seen in this country. A very clever and mysterious trick is done with water, by which the Ten-Ichi, with a wave of his hand, can conjure up water spouts, and cause them to spring from any direction. In this photograph he has just started a jet on an attendant's head

Two Small Ten-Ichis

During the performance these children hold lighted torches, from which the water jets quite unconcernedly

Ten-Ichi the Principal Juggler

He is causing water to jet from a bunch of chrysanthemums

The Connoisseur.

Fifteenth Century Carving

Among the examples of early decorated furniture that are now so greatly sought after by American and other connoisseurs, none is of more interest than those of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries—the period of transition from the ideals of Gothic ornament to the then 'new art,' the neo-classic form. The example we give is an oak buffet in wonderful preservation and now in the galleries of Messrs. Warings, where there is a really remarkable collection of fine old work. This piece shows in a very marked and agreeable manner the earliest signs of transitional treatment. The shaped front, with doors and panels of somewhat formal Gothic tracery, the foliated designs freely wrought on the back, and the overhanging canopy with shields of arms and border of carved tracery, are still Gothic, but the lavish ornament and the form as a whole suggest the on-coming of the Renaissance. This credence is of no small historical interest, but it is also in every way as serviceable a piece of furniture to-day as when it was carven hundreds of years ago.

A Fifteenth Century Buffet, showing transitional work in the carving

Examples of Later Schools

At these galleries, also, are some highly educational examples of the florid schools of Italian and Spanish Renaissance, and of the Flemish and German work of the same period. French decorative art, too, especially of the periods of Louis XV., Louis XVI., and the Empire, is well represented. There is an interesting chimney piece of the sixteenth century such as rarely comes before the public. The frieze is carved in high relief, with four figures representing the quarters of the globe and the middle panel with the shield of arms of the Collingwood family. This excellent example of oak work formerly stood in the Turk's Head Inn at Newcastle-on-Tyne, originally the home of the Collingwood family. From an old Manor House at Enfield Messrs. Warings have recently obtained a Queen Anne room in the then popular pine wood.

E. M.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

[The Editor feels it necessary to disclaim any responsibility for Calpurnia's opinions. It is as well to give a fair contributor who feels she has a grievance the opportunity of giving vent to it occasionally. Such outbursts clear the air, if they do nothing else.]

A Defence

A correspondent has accused me of unfairness in dealing with the letters to which I have from time to time referred in these columns. She says that I give my own views on the subject in question at great length, but only as much of the letters I receive, as suits me. Now I don't admit that the accusation is a just one. If I were to publish in full all the letters I receive—and the more I get the better I like it—there wouldn't be much room on the page for my own observations: and as the idea of this feature of THE BYSTANDER is that I shall air my own opinions for what they are worth, that would hardly do. Besides, I don't misrepresent what my correspondents say. I agree with them more often than not. We women have made up our minds about many things, and are at one in our opinion on them. It would serve no useful purpose if I were continually to be using other women's words to express those opinions instead of my own, and I don't propose to do so unless there is some particular reason for it. There is such a reason for printing the following letter. It contains a considerable amount of sense, and it is expressed tersely and vigorously, and the fact that I do not agree with everything it contains does not prevent me from giving "Mousie" a chance of stating her case.

Mousie's Husband

MY DEAR CALPURNIA,—Your courage in speaking out against the universal tyranny of man in the modern world is deserving of praise. But you seem to be slackening in your efforts. There was a fine flavour in your early papers which now seems to be giving place to a sort of middle-aged complaisance, and, instead of continuing your campaign against our natural enemy, Man, you have come down to the commonplace cant of "The Home is Woman's true Sphere," or some such threadbare nonsense. Don't be a coward, Calpurnia. Keep it up. Go on giving it to them, and don't let us have any more slopping over about women fitting themselves to be "true companions to men."

[*This phrase is in quotation marks, but I have never used it.* —CALPURNIA.]

We are rapidly showing the world that *we* are the predominant sex, in numbers, intelligence, resource, and courage. If we are not betrayed by our champions, of whom you are to be accounted one, we shall soon be in a position to demand that the paramount duty of a man is to fit himself to be a companion to us. I venture to write to you because in my own small way I have been successful in carrying out this idea. A few years ago—I needn't say how many—I married a husband. I was in the fortunate position of being able to choose entirely to please myself, because I was independent, in fact what the world would call rich, and I chose a man who was not well off, who, indeed, had nothing to live on at all except a rapidly expiring credit, so that I could get the whip hand of him, if he showed himself unduly independent, by stopping supplies. I have found my system work very well. I chose a man with considerable amiability of character, but his amiability in his bachelor days was exhibited in what I may call streaks. It is now continuous. It has to be.

My husband is rather younger than myself—only just so much as is necessary to perfect happiness, for I took some time to look about me before I fixed on him. They call us Beauty and the Beast in our neighbourhood, or so I have been told, but I have never understood why, because I consider him distinctly good-looking. He is fond of sport, of fine clothes, of good living, and of amusement generally, and I indulge him in these harmless tastes as far as is good for him. But the point is that he is never allowed to forget that his *chief* reason for existence is not to amuse himself but to amuse me, and I have so trained him during our short but ecstatically happy married life that he never does forget it. The only cloud that has threatened us hitherto is the objection to keeping me company every afternoon in a two hours' drive—along country roads when we are in the country and in the park during the season. My horses are not fast, but I do not like to drive fast, as rapid motion is apt to interfere with the light step in which I indulge on these occasions, and most certainly my husband's idea of substituting a noisy, smelly motor-car for my beautiful pair of strawberry roans, which I have had for the last fifteen years, is far from being mine. But this difficulty, which at one time threatened to develop into a serious difference of opinion between us, I have dispersed by a judicious compromise. On one afternoon a week I take the vicar's wife with me as sole companion, and my husband is allowed to employ himself as he pleases. And I have promised him this, that if I see no signs of sulkiness or want of alacrity when the horses are brought round, *for two whole years*, he shall have his motor-car for his own pleasure. That, my dear Calpurnia, is the way to treat a man. Give way to him in small things, and insist upon him giving way to you in great. It has answered well in my case, and I can cordially recommend it to my sisters.

Yours truly,
MOUSIE.

Comment

But for the firm and almost masculine hand in which the above is written, and the playful *soubriquet* adopted, I should have judged it to be the letter of an elderly woman who had induced a young man to marry her for the sake of her money. But I have no doubt this would be to do "Mousie" an injustice. At the same time, it must be clear to her, if she comes to think of it, that every women is not in her position in being able to "stop supplies" if her husband does not do exactly as she wishes. Nor do I think that I should care to drag an unwilling male for a daily two hours' drive in a slow carriage. I should be much more inclined to set him to some useful work. Still, I am sure that the world would be all the better if more women were able to take the lead in married life and dictate to their husbands instead of being continually at their beck and call.

CALPURNIA.

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Only one short week and what a change has come over the spirit of Town. With Goodwood came the end of the Season, and a large percentage of Society folk have wandered off to Cowes and on to the favoured cure. Meanwhile, London has settled down into characteristic August sloth. Under such conditions it tends to reflections. The sordid side is sadly uppermost, tempered by a fair sprinkling of rather disappointed-looking Americans, who mostly emerge from the other side of Tottenham Court Road, leather reticule at waist, Baedeker in hand, and the inevitable blue veil floating in the wind.

With some few exceptions, this particular type of American woman contrives to convey a sense of peculiar neatness. Obviously of quite moderate means, she never, under any conditions, degenerates into slovenliness, and she wears the simple shirt and skirt-costume, well — as scarcely another woman in the world is able to do. Mysteriously, and known only to herself, she combines the *chic* of the *Parisienne* with that above-applauded neatness, while she boasts a back, most beautifully, gloriously flat.

Of course, artistically I know the emphatically flat back is wrong; that, according to the strict laws of art, there should be a gentle but quite perceptible curve at the shoulders. Thus tradition. I am afraid I do not love tradition, and have small patience with those who bow the knee of submission to its binding decrees, and I do love a straight, flat back, shoulders well set back, and a walk that comes straight from the hips. Ah, me! if only all Englishwomen, in lieu of the present few, would realise what a really valuable asset deportment is, a very different complexion would be thrown upon dress. As a matter of fact, it is infinitely more imperative how we wear clothes, than what we wear, which at once solves the mystery why so many women who spend hundreds a year on dress alone so frequently sink into utter insignificance before the intelligent administrator of a paltry two figures. On

An original design for a Yachting Costume

This costume is of fine white serge, trimmed with white silk braid, and worn with belt, cravat and hat ribbon of navy blue

The Correct Cult of the Corset

hangs the whole onus of success. It has been said, and in substance it is true, that a Frenchwoman ceases to dress when she arrives at the gown, whereas an Englishwoman is concerned about nothing until she arrives at that garment, which she fondly trusts will cover up a multitude of interior sins.

I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the cause of fully two-thirds of the mediocre creations turned out, can be traced to inferior corsets and a general deficiency of deportment. There is no foundation for the modiste to work upon with such subjects, and the little there is, is irretrievably bad. Every woman, with any observing faculties about her at all, must have remarked that curious little wrinkle at the waist affected by the Frenchwoman, even with ostensibly fitting garments. Now that little wrinkle points the moral that elaborate fitting is the death-knell to style,

The Bystander, August 10, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 36.—Vol. III. Wednesday, August 10, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Messrs. Gillows will SELL by AUCTION at the White Hart Hotel, Margate, on Wednesday, August 17, at 6 o'clock in the evening, as a whole or in separate lots, the picturesque brick-built MARINE BUNGALOW, known as "Orion," Spencer Road. The accommodation: 3 sitting, 7bedrooms, charming grounds, tennislawn, orchard, flower garden, detached stabling for 3, coach-house & cottage adjoining, kitchen garden, greenhouse.

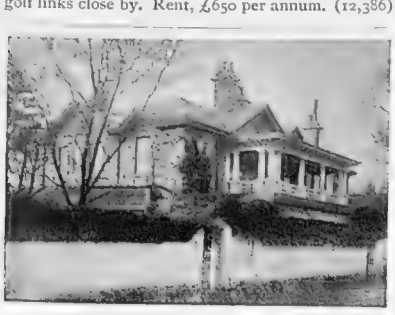
FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES, with frontages to excellent roads.

Particulars & conditions of Sale of Messrs. WONTNER & SONS, Solicitors, 19, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.; at the White Hart Hotel, Margate; Mr. COUSINS, Station Approach, Birchington; or of the Auctioneers, 406, Oxford Street, London, W.

Interior of Hall.

BANKS OF THE THAMES.—To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, situate in a quaint old Oxford village. Accommodation: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, well-timbered old grounds, with tennis and croquet lawn, orchard and meadow. Stabling and farmery, and extensive outbuildings. Price, £3,000. To LET on Lease. (12,374)

SCOTLAND (Ross).—To be LET, Furnished, for a term of years or for the shooting season, a commodious MANSION, beautifully situate overlooking the Moray Firth, 600ft. above sea level, well sheltered by pine wood; accommodation: 3 reception, 17 bedrooms, lighted throughout with acetylene gas, water & drainage guaranteed. Newly furnished in most expensive style, & all modern conveniences; stabling, motor-house, coachman's rooms; shooting over 1,600 acres. Good anchorage for yachts, fine beach for sea bathing, golf links close by. Rent, £650 per annum. (12,386)



BANKS OF THE THAMES (overlooking a well-known lock).—To be SOLD, 14 years' lease of this taking RESIDENCE, standing in absolutely secluded grounds of 2 acres. Accommodation: billiard & 3 reception, 9 bed & dressing rooms. Electric light, telephone, stabling for 2, cottage. Inspected and recommended by GILLOWS. (12,010)

UNIQUE POSITION.
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20 ACRES, LAKE, ORCHARD.

A REALLY BEAUTIFUL PROPERTY, in perfect state of repair throughout, & fitted with every modern convenience, standing high in well-wooded & laid-out grounds of 20 acres, with lawns, orchard, paddocks, &c.; 14 bed & dressing, 3 bath & 6 handsome reception rooms, very fine winter gardens, capital offices, stabling for 8, 3 cottages, grand ranges of glass, &c. (40,167)

PUTNEY HEATH.—To be SOLD, 74 years' Lease of an extremely well-built RESIDENCE, standing in a most salubrious spot, surrounded by beautifully-kept grounds of about 1 acre: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception, & magnificent billiard room; stabling for 3; tennis lawn; electric, &c. Price, £6,500. (40,161)

HERNE HILL.—£1,800 will Purchase the long Lease of a particularly attractive detached FAMILY RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds of about 2 acres: 8 bed & dressing, bath, 3 reception, & full-sized billiard room; electric light & every possible convenience. (40,163)

DULWICH.— For SALE, well-built detached RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds: 8 bed & dressing, bath, & 3 reception rooms; stabling. Price, £2,000. (40,166)

PALACE COURT.—600gns. will be accepted for the Freehold of one of these excellent RESIDENCES. 10 bed, 2 bath, & 4 reception rooms. (40,174)

FULL-SIZED BILLIARD ROOM.
STABLING.

MAIDA VALE.—Well-planned detached RESIDENCE, containing: 6 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms (3 on ground floor); stabling for 3; garden in rear. Rent, £110. (40,171)

FREEHOLDS. WEST CENTRAL.
SUITABLE FOR TRUST FUNDS.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.—4 Capital Freehold RESIDENCES, all with good accommodation, in one of the principal thoroughfares. Would form a good building investment. (40,151)

BELGRAVIA.—To LET on Lease, a very bright & cheerful HOUSE, overlooking ornamental gardens in front: 7 bed, bath, & 3 reception rooms; electric light & every convenience. Rent, £275 and moderate premium. (40,172)

HYDE PARK.— The Lease of a really fine MANSION for SALE. 16 bed & dressing rooms, bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, billiard room; stabling for 6. Charming views over Park. (23,216)

BRONDESBURY.— £1,250 will secure the 62 years' Lease of an excellent semi-detached bijou RESIDENCE. 6 bed, dressing, bath, 2 reception rooms, long garden. (40,160)

HAMPSTEAD.—A delightful modern Freehold RESIDENCE, with stabling, standing in charming grounds, & occupying a very pleasant position on the borders of Hampstead Heath: 12 bed, bath, 4 reception, & billiard room. Stabling for 3. (38,227)

RENT FREE UNTIL MICHAELMAS.

LEINSTER GARDENS, Lancaster Gate.—An excellent medium-sized RESIDENCE, modernised at considerable expense: 9 bed, bath, 5 reception rooms (3 on ground floor). Rent, £180. Fixtures & fittings at valuation. (40,066)

BAYSWATER HILL.—Exceptionally attractive modern RESIDENCE, containing: 10 bed & dressing, 2 bath, & 4 reception rooms. Lease, 90 years. Price, £4,000. (40,141)

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READING.—With its excellent service of trains to Town, to be LET Furnished, a fine old MANSION, containing: 16 bedrooms, billiard, 5 reception, standing in magnificent deer park of 100 acres, with a further 148 acres adjoining, & excellent stud farm. Full details of the Agents, as above, who have inspected and especially recommend. (12,366)

CHANNEL ISLANDS (Guernsey).— To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, this commanding RESIDENCE, in a high but sheltered position, overlooking land and sea; 3 reception, 13 bedrooms; stabling; beautifully laid-out grounds. Price, £2,450. Rent, £180. (11,953)

SOUTHAMPTON WATER.—To be SOLD or LET on lease, a picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in a well-timbered park of 135 acres, approached by 2 carriage drives with lodge entrances. The accommodation comprises: circular entrance hall, 4 reception, billiard room, 18 bed & dressing rooms, stabling for 10 horses, mens' rooms, good outhouses, attractive pleasure grounds, ornamental lake, kitchen garden, gas & telephone laid on, Co.'s water. 2,000 acres of shooting to be had by arrangement. Rent & price on application. (12,391)

HORSHAM (in this charming part of Sussex).— To be SOLD, an attractive RESIDENCE of red brick and rough cast erected for owner's occupation, approached by winding carriage drive. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), stabling & excellent outbuildings, charming grounds, which, with the paddocks surrounding, comprise in all 20 acres. Price £2,500. (12,388)

CHELTENHAM (near).—To be SOLD, this charmingly situated RESIDENCE, standing in grounds extending over about 400 acres. The Mansion, which is built in Gothic style, stands 800ft. above the sea level, is approached by carriage drive, with lodge entrance, & contains: 4 reception, 13 bed & dressing rooms, stabling for 8, farm & outbuildings, cottages. Shooting, hunting, & golf. Further photos & plans of the Agents, as above. (12,180)

WANTED.—£4,000 will be paid for a moderate-sized RESIDENCE about 10 bedrooms, grounds from 2 to 3 acres, 4 miles of a good Town, shooting, fishing, & golf in neighbourhood. Apply "A. B.," c/o GILLOWS, London, W.

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KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

"MILTON HALL," CAMBRIDGE, about 3 miles from the University, and within 80 minutes of town. A delightful Freehold ESTATE of 73 acres with

the above substantially built RESIDENCE, fitted throughout with electric light and telephone. 3 reception, billiard, and 10 bed and dressing rooms. Stabling. 2 lodges, farmery, 3 cottages, etc. Beautifully timbered pleasure grounds, lake with boathouse, walled kitchen garden, and greenhouse. Good sporting and social district. The above not being sold at the recent auction may now be treated for privately.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,575)

GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.—Picturesque RESIDENCE in a fine position, commanding good views and approached by a long avenue carriage drive: 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, boudoir, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; well-matured and tastefully laid-out pleasure gardens, avenue of chestnuts, tennis lawn; 18 acres in all. Rent, £255 p.a.—Price on application to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,605)

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES VICTORIA OR LONDON BRIDGE. Rural district.—Detached RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 5 bed, bath; standing in 2 acres of nice old matured grounds. Stabling. Price, £2,500; less land, £1,400.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,577)

NEAR LEATHERHEAD.—To be LET Furnished, for August only, a beautiful modern HOUSE, with 6 reception rooms, 20 bedrooms, and delightful grounds of 10 acres. Rent, 30 guineas per week.—Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 550)

ONE HOUR FROM LONDON,

In a picturesque village in the Basingstoke District.

£6,000 for a Charming COUNTRY PROPERTY, including a substantially-built RESIDENCE in the Georgian style, standing in beautifully laid-out grounds of about 2 acres. Accommodation: 4 spacious reception rooms, 12 good bedrooms, etc., the principal rooms facing south; stabling for 3 or 7; motor house; 2 cottages. Telephone. 300 feet above sea-level. Extra land available.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,198)

ONE HOUR OF CITY.—Lovely district.—Pretty COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with ornamental grounds and paddock of 10 acres; entrance hall, 3 reception, 9 bed, bath; excellent stabling, with clock tower; expensively fitted throughout. To be SOLD for £2,750, only fraction of cost.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,483)

SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE.

2 miles from a main line station. 70 minutes from town.

TO BE SOLD, this charming RESIDENCE, containing: 4 reception, 8 bed, bath, conservatory, etc., and approached through a long avenue of trees. High situation. Gravel soil. Stabling and farm buildings. Orchard and grounds, pasture and arable, in all 75 acres, lying in a ring fence and intersected by a stream. Price, £4,200.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,604)

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With easy access to Town.

TO CLOSE AN ESTATE.—For SALE, an exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds and containing: 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, etc.; stabling, excellent garden and paddocks; about 2½ acres in all. Price only £1,750.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,572)

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STANDING HIGH ON GRAVEL SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, with charming old grounds, lawns, and rhododendron and other walks, to the extent of 30 acres, fine COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath, etc., stabling and farmery. Lovely views. Healthy and favourite residential district. Price, £8,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,032)

WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE RENOWNED SANDWICH GOLF LINKS.

£2,000 for this old-fashioned RESIDENCE, prettily furnished, standing high on gravel soil, overlooking the valley of the Stour: 5 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bath. Beautiful grounds with magnificent cedars. Conservatories, cottage, laundry, stabling. Fishing, hunting and shooting; 5 minutes from village. Price includes furniture and outdoor effects.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,592)

CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE WITH 16 ACRES.

£3,500.—The House stands well back from the road and is approached by a carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling, 2 cottages. Farmery. Attractive pleasure grounds, orchard and pasture. Hunting. Also to be LET.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,208)

STOKE POGES. BURNHAM BEECHES.

CLOSE to Great Western Motor Service. Nicely-timbered FREEHOLD LAND for Investment or occupation.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

HERTS (10 minutes from a station, under an hour of town).—To be SOLD, a PICTURESQUE GABLED RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully timbered grounds and parklike lands of over 12 acres. The house, which is approached by 2 carriage drives, with lodge entrances, contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc. Gas and water laid on. Gravel soil. Stabling for 4; conservatory; farmery; 2 cottages. Would be let Unfurnished.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,205)

GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM DISTRICT.—Very fine old-fashioned red-brick RESIDENCE, with 4 reception, 13 bed, bath (h. and c.). Electric light. Stabling. Pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens. Cottages. Model farmery. All in thorough order; 170 acres freehold land. To be sold at a fraction of cost for £7,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,601)

ELECTRIC LIGHT. PICTURE GALLERY. LOUNGE HALL.

NORFOLK (Broads).—To be LET, Furnished, or might be SOLD, a magnificent RESIDENCE, built regardless of cost, and containing one of the choicest collections of genuine antique furniture and works of art in existence. The House contains: lounge hall, 31ft. by 25ft., dining room, drawing room, library, study, picture gallery, and 14 bedrooms, and is in the most perfect order throughout, and fitted with every imaginable convenience. There is extensive stabling, and pretty gardens and grounds of about 9 acres.—Photographs and plans of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (1,705)

OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY OF THE SEVERN.

3½ HOURS OF LONDON.

FOR SALE, owing to special circumstances, at a fraction of cost, this magnificent RESIDENCE, in a most charming and healthy position, and commanding lovely and extensive views; 5 reception, billiard, 18 bed and dressing rooms. Gas and water laid on. Stabling for 7. Cottage. Inexpensive grounds of 2½ acres, but extra land up to 63 acres could be arranged for. Anchorage for yachts. Shooting. Hunting with 3 packs.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,712)

OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.

SOMERSET.—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer or longer, an old gabled Elizabethan MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order. 6 reception and 13 bedrooms. Walled garden. Good stabling.—Rent and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 540)

NEAR SUNNINGDALE AND WINDSOR GREAT FOREST.

TO BE SOLD, a Modern HOUSE in the old-fashioned, half-timbered style, containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath, etc.; verandah, gas, water, and perfect drainage; 1 mile from golf links; 1½ acres of ground; pine woods adjoining. Price, freehold, £4,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,620)

83 ACRES. ENTRANCE LODGES. PRIVATE GOLF COURSE. STABLING FOR 9. FARMERY.

SURREY (under one hour from the City; station two miles).—To be SOLD or LET Furnished, for the Summer, the above old-fashioned creeper and ivy-clad RESIDENCE (3 reception and 8 bed and dressing rooms), standing 280ft. above sea level, in beautifully laid-out pleasure grounds of several acres, and heavily-timbered park land, orchards and woodland, extending to 83 acres; farmery, entrance lodges, stabling for 9; private golf course. Excellent hunting, shooting, and fishing in the district. Price and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property. (1,415)

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KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

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MESSRS. WALTON & LEE.

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ALMOST UNIQUE MARINE RESIDENCE on the Sussex coast with magnificently timbered grounds, leading to the sea shore and commanding grand views of the Channel; to be SOLD at moderate price. It contains: 12 bedrooms and large reception rooms, stabling for 4, cottage; near favourite seaside town, easy drive of Goodwood. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,030)

SURREY HILLS (near Oxted and Limpsfield Golf Club).—Artistic red brick RESIDENCE for SALE, at moderate price; 6½ acres of perfectly secluded grounds, modern stabling, and every convenience; fine billiard room, large and lofty reception and 12 bedrooms; perfect sanitation and water supply. Strongly recommended.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,135)

DOVER AND DEAL (between).—Price £2,500 for a charming old-fashioned Bijou HOUSE, with unusually attractive grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and stabling for 2 horses; 5 minutes' walk from station; 10 minutes by rail of Dover. Or would be LET Unfurnished. Rent £120. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,726)

IDEAL RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

BANKS OF THE THAMES, to be SOLD, Freehold, the charming COTTAGE RESIDENCE, depicted above, occupying one of the choicest positions, with lawn to river: large hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, stabling, and launch house.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,419)

CHELMSFORD and INGATESTONE (between).—Charming old-world RESIDENCE and 10 Acres, for SALE at moderate price; 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, hall with fireplace; stabling, farmery, 4 cottages, and delightfully timbered and secluded grounds, glasshouses, and paddocks; 2 miles from station; excellent hunting district; daily reach of town.—Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,824)

BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, an exact replica of an old Hampshire MANOR HOUSE, with charming grounds of 30 acres, beautifully situate, 400 feet above sea, grand views: 15 bed and dressing, oak panelled hall and reception rooms; stabling: quaint gatehouse and archway. A mile from main line station. Strongly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,288)

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE (between).

THE ABOVE CHARMING HOUSE, delightfully positioned on high ground in beautiful part of Sussex, for sale with 17 acres of lovely grounds, stabling, cottage and entrance lodge. Magnificent views extending to the Channel. Moderate price. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,061)

£2,250 WILL PURCHASE a compact little PROPERTY in a first-rate social and sporting district in the Midlands, near good town with fine train service; all in perfect order; 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage, good gardens and paddocks. Should be seen at once.—Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,510)

ONE OF THE FINEST SPORTING ESTATES IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

6,000 ACRES (nearly) of very fine covert and open ground SHOOTING to be LET, with Furnished MANSION, situate within 2½ miles from a station, about three hours by rail from London, on the borders of Hants and Wilts. —Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,213)

CHOICE RESIDENTIAL ESTATE.

THE above lovely home in Sussex for SALE, comprising an exceedingly well-built RESIDENCE of medium size, on high ground, commanding beautiful views, with about 130 or more acres. Fishing and hunting. Inspected and recommended. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,202)

MARKET HARBOROUGH and KETTERING (between), in the cream of the Pytchley country. Price £2,200, for an unusually attractive old-fashioned country house: containing 8 bed, 3 reception rooms, and usual offices, well-matured pleasure grounds with fine timber, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens, stabling for 6 horses, useful outbuildings, and prolific pasture; in all over 9 acres. Near church and village; 3½ miles from station.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,567)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS, 500ft. above sea, with grand panoramic views of the North Downs, Box Hill, and the intervening valley. — £7,500 for a charming old-fashioned Family HOUSE, with 35 acres, beautiful grounds, plantations, and meadows; stabling for 4, farmery, and entrance lodge; 2½ miles from station, 45 minutes from London. Would be sold with less land. Recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,937)

YORKSHIRE.—Romantically situated amongst the Fells Rent £300 (Unfurnished), with nearly 2,000 acres of shooting (including small grouse moor), and 2 miles of salmon and trout fishing. The above capital country house (18 bedrooms large reception and billiard room), grandly timbered grounds, stabling, cottages, kitchen garden, glasshouses and meadow. Two miles from a station; notoriously healthy and good residential district. Recommended. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,703)

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION ON THE KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—Charming Residential ESTATE of 25 acres, with small RESIDENCE, pretty garden, and finely timbered park-like meadowland, for SALE, freehold. Stabling for 4, farmery and 2 cottages; close to station, within about an hour's rail of Town.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

£8 AN ACRE.—To be SOLD, at this greatly reduced price, a Freehold Residential and Sporting ESTATE; of over 2,000 acres, in a beautiful part of North Devon, near Exmoor and the sea. Comfortable Manor House, stabling, attractive grounds and numerous farms with good homesteads and buildings, all let; first rate sporting, including partridge and wild duck shooting; red deer abound; some miles of trout fishing. —WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (13,967)

AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.—£3,150 only for a charming old-fashioned HOUSE, of medium size, and 72 acres (37 grass), in a pretty district, under 50 miles from London, a mile from station; stabling, farm buildings, pleasure and kitchen gardens; good partridge shooting, fishing, and hunting; gravel soil.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,432)

£2,450 WILL PURCHASE a capital medium-sized HOUSE and 25 acres; delightfully situated near Tunbridge Wells; pleasure and kitchen gardens, farmery and stabling. —Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,866)

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.—To be LET, a well-furnished MANSION, with first-rate mixed shooting, over 3,500 acres, and trout fishing. The Residence, of medium size, stands in a well-timbered park, and the gardens are of a beautiful character, sloping down to a large sheet of ornamental water. Hunting with two packs. —Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,342)

CUMBERLAND. — To be SOLD, a sound Agricultural and Sporting ESTATE, of upwards of 1,000 acres, lying compactly in a ring fence. It is well wooded, bounded by county roads, intersected by a stream, and divided into suitable holdings, all let, and producing about £900 per annum.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (16,093)

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS.

10 MINUTES' DRIVE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL Pine and Heather Country at Frimley.—To be SOLD, at reduced price, by order of Executors, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing ample accommodation for a large family, lofty reception rooms, fine billiard room, stabling for 6, cottages, farmery, magnificently-timbered pleasure-grounds, kitchen gardens, and pine wood; in all 43 acres. Modern drainage, excellent water supply, and every amenity.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,523)

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE CONISTON. —Compact small SPORTING ESTATE, for SALE, with 2 miles of frontage to the Lake, and adjoining an extensive common, over which there are valuable sporting and pasturage rights; capital pheasant, partridge, grouse, woodcock and other shooting; good fishing in the Lake; some excellent sites for a residence; unrivalled scenery. Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,530)

REMARKABLY CHOICE AND CHEAP Residential Estate in Derbyshire.—Attractive moderate-sized HOUSE in beautifully timbered park: 16 bedrooms, billiard room, etc. Good stabling, charming grounds, home farm, etc.; all pasture and extending to 400 acres, producing £850 per annum. Early possession: price very moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,611)

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— SPECIALITY —

EASY CHAIRS

HOWARD & SONS, Ltd.

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and that the most mistaken economy is cheap corsets.

Times out of number have Ambrosine and I cast despairing glances at one another before the plea that finances would not justify requisitioning the services of some acknowledged corsetière. And yet these very same would-be economical souls are content to fritter pounds away in utterly inadequate chiffons—chiffons, in all probability, actually suggested by a lack of form or style that would have been there if the correct corsetière had been privileged to work her will. But in defence of that talented autocrat I could write tomes, and the small, protesting voice of Ambrosine hints at the advisability of passing on quickly to a certain

Waterproof Linen Coat

Now it was quite by chance we made the acquaintance of this capital departure, and before offering any public praise of its worth, we mutually decided personally to test its uses. We have done so, and were fortunate, for our purpose, in catching some of the heavy showers of last week, when motoring, from out which we emerged unscathed, clad safely in our rubber linen coats

A Waterproof Linen Motor Coat

Sketched at Beal's, 290, Regent Street

We despair of being able adequately to describe the virtues of this ingenious invention. The fact, though, may be taken from us, that it represents the ideally light rain-resisting covering we motorists have all been seeking since the hot weather set in.

In a delicate biscuit tone, really the natural flax, this coat, built as our picture shows, with double-breasted fronts, adjustable cuffs, sleeve straps, and wind cuffs—the latter regulated by patent clasped elastic bands, so that they may be requisitioned or not as required—is the very epitome of smartness. While to complete our story satisfactorily, we must add that for the moment its price is only one guinea, at Beal's, 290, Regent Street, whose exclusive patent it is.

There are several other exceptionally good things here about which we should like to talk, notably an Inverness in Harris and Donegal friezes, the wings faced silk, also sold at a guinea, and some quite excellent rough and ready Norfolk suits, complete at two guineas, made to special measurement and order.

An Accredited Rumour

has it that the early autumn will usher in short pelerine tippets, in embroidered taffeta and cloth, trimmed kid and velvet, these the forerunners of fur capelets. Already across the Channel, for the representative "villes d'eaux," these little capelets are prepared in tussore and linen, and by those who know, they are vouched for as charming, while their advent speaks volumes as to the continuance of the large sleeve, despite the rival attractions of the coat "manche."

The modistic prospect, to say the least of it, is comprehensive. The only trouble will be to keep it so, for there is an almost irresistible sheeplike tendency to concentrate on one mode, despite the best endeavours to keep the taste catholic.

Leather a Leading Vogue

Really this is kid rather than leather, and, under some ingenious latter-day process, so perfectly soft and malleable as to be adaptable to almost any end. As a decorative medium, for fur as well as cloth coats, it promises to be in first favour, and is frequently treated to a delicate, parti-coloured stitchery, that immediately enhances the artistic flavour. But there seems to be one law in connection with it, as firm as that traditionally associated with the Medes and Persians, which has it that harmonies shall rule—a simple enough achievement nowadays, since the conduct of leather has entirely changed from the harsh, obstinate, dye-resisting skin of our youth. We are to embroider, strap, and hem with leather, while a little button of the best popularity is of plaited leather.

For yachting or seaside wear we are offering an original design for white serge, trimmed with a new and rather heavy make of white silk braid and crochet silk buttons. The belt, cravat, and hat ribbon would be nice in either navy or pale blue silk.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

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CORLESTON, LOWESTOFT, SHERINGHAM, CROMER, MUNDESLEY, and YARMOUTH	Each Wednesday for 8 days.
DOUGLAS (Isle of Man), GRIMSBY, HULL, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, SCARBORO', REDCAR, ILKLEY, HARROGATE, &c., &c., &c.	Each Saturday for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
HATFIELD, ST. ALBANS, HEATHAMPSTEAD, HARPENDEN, HERTFORD, WELWYN, and KNEBWORTH	Each Thursday and Saturday for ½-day.

For full particulars of these and other Excursions, see the Company's announcements at Stations and Town Offices.

OLIVER BURY, *General Manager.*

BUDGET 1904 ALTERATIONS.

No Change in the Price of

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As before, 7s. per 100, Large Size.

In Boxes of 100, 50, 25.

Made of Tobacco from the manufacturer's own plantations at Malcajik in Asia Minor

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TO COOL, CLEANSE AND REFRESH YOUR SKIN

and to protect it in hot and cold weather you should tone and cause your skin to grow stronger and more able to resist the vicissitudes of climate by using the

CANESH EASTERN DIABLE TONIC,

which is absolutely safe and free from poison. Can be used instead of water; most beautifying to the skin.

Price, **5/6 7/6, 10/6,** and **£1/1/6**

Send for Book: "How to Retain the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," **1/-**, Post Free.

CANESH FOREHEAD STRAP (Patent). Sure cure for lines on forehead. **£1/5/6**

PATENT CANESH CHIN STRAP, cures a double chin, restores lost contours, prevents the lines running from nose to mouth, **£1/1/6.**

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Bridge. By "Problematicus"

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTION OF OUR FIRST HOLIDAY COMPETITION

SOLUTION OF THE PLAY OF THE HAND.

DECLARATION, NO-TRUMPS.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♡ 4	♡ 8	♡ 5	♦ 2
2	♣ 2	♣ Q	♣ 3	♣ 9
3	♡ A	♡ Q	♡ 6	♦ 3
4	♣ 5	♣ 4	♣ 6	♣ A
5	♦ 6	♣ 7	♦ 9	♦ A
6	♦ K	♡ 2	♦ 10	♦ Q
7	♠ 9	♠ 5	♠ Q	♠ A
8	♦ 7	♡ 3	♠ 2	♦ 5
9	♢ J	♡ 10	♠ 3	♦ 4
10	♠ 7	♣ 8	♠ K	♠ 6
11	♡ 7	♣ 10	♣ K	♦ 8
12	♡ 9	♣ J	♡ K	♠ 10
13	♠ 4	♡ J	♠ 8	♠ J

RESULT

A B win 6 tricks.
Y Z win 7 tricks.

There are many variations of the play of the hand. Indeed, the winner worked out six in full. But the first trick is the most important. The proper lead is the four of hearts, for hearts is not only a trifle the stronger suit, but it is the safest to lead up to, since had the dealer been very strong in hearts, he would have declared them. Y lets B win with the eight, for unless he keeps Z's king of hearts, A can prevent him making Z's king of clubs. Y must be careful to make A lead diamonds, and it is easy to do so.

The hot weather seems to have weakened the spirit of a great number of our competitors, for they declared diamonds on a hand on which courage and the authorities demand a call of no-trumps. The rule is that with three aces, unless you are very strong in hearts, you declare no-trumps. Hellespont has, in his illustrative hands, worked out the comparative merits of a no-trump and a diamond call on a three-ace hand strong in diamonds; and he demonstrates beyond question the advantage of the no-trump call.

The First Prize, consisting of THE BYSTANDER Morocco Bridge Box, containing playing-cards, markers, rules, etc., has been awarded to:

Miss ETHEL M. FENWICK, 37, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth, Northumberland.

Five further prizes of two packs of the pretty BYSTANDER playing-cards, in box, have been awarded to:

J. V. EDMONDS, Esq., 3, Hare Court, Temple, London, E.C.

Inspector-General HADLOW, R.N., Winton, Southsea.

F. R. B. ATKINSON, Esq., Marden Ash, Ongar, Essex.

TALBOT HASSELL, Esq., Tynemouth, Northumberland.

CHARLES EDWARDS, Esq., 104, Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath.

The Menu

Suitable Dishes for the Hot Weather

FILLETS OF SOLE À LA MAITRE D'HOTEL

First prepare the fillets—which may be rolled or in pieces. Boil the bones and skins of the fish in water, with an onion, for half an hour, strain the liquor, let it boil up, add a little pepper and salt, and gently boil the fillets in it for about ten minutes. If there is too much liquor to make a sauce, strain away a part of it to half a pint, put a tablespoonful of flour mixed smooth in cold water, stir this in gently with the fish. When it has thickened add pepper and salt, throw in a little chopped parsley, let it cook gently for a minute or so, add a very little lemon juice to the sauce, and the dish will be ready to serve.

LOBSTER SALAD

Wash some salad and dry thoroughly by shaking it in a cloth, cut up endive and lettuce. Put in a dish and pour over dressing, throw in lightly some small salad. Mix all well together with the pickings from the body of a lobster. Pick the meat from the shell, cut it into nice square pieces, put half with the salad, add a little more sauce. Chop up finely the whites of two hard-boiled eggs, rub the yolks through a sieve, and the coral of the lobster. Garnish the salad with pieces of lobster, slices of cucumber, beet-root, the yolks and whites of the eggs, and the coral arranged in little heaps, contrasting the colours well. Put the lobster claws sticking up in the centre of the salad. Pour some more sauce in the dish before serving.

DRESSING: Four tablespoonfuls of oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, yolks of two eggs, ½ teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, pepper and salt to taste.

VEAL MOULD

Ingredients: 1 lb. veal, ½ lb. bacon or ham, four eggs, 1 gill of stock, parsley, grated rind of a lemon, pepper and salt. Boil the eggs hard, and cut in slices. Chop the parsley, and mix it with the lemon rind and seasonings. Line a mould with pieces of egg at the bottom. Cut up the veal in neat, small pieces and put in the mould in alternate layers with cut-up bacon and sliced eggs, sprinkling each layer with seasoning. When full, pour in the stock. Cover tightly with buttered paper, putting a plate and weight on the top. Bake in a slow oven for four hours. Turn out when cold.

COFFEE ICE CREAM

Six ounces sifted sugar, yolks of four eggs, ½ pint new milk, ½ pint strong strained coffee, 1 pint whipped cream. Add the boiling milk to the coffee, add the beaten eggs and sugar, stirring all the time. Put it into a jar, which stand in a saucepan of boiling water. Stir till it thickens, let it cool, add the whipped cream, pour into a mould and freeze.

BROWN BREAD ICE

Half pound stale brown bread crumbs, 1 pint whipped cream, 6 oz. sifted sugar, four drops essence of vanilla. Whip the cream well, stir in the other ingredients, pour into a damp mould and freeze.

LEMON WATER ICE

Eight lemons, 12 oz. sugar, whites of four eggs, 1 quart water. Put into a saucepan the thinly-pared rind of four lemons, pour over 1 quart cold water. Add the sugar and set it on the fire to boil slowly. Simmer for ten minutes, keeping it covered. Take it off the fire, strain it, add the strained juice of eight lemons; allow it to cool. Beat up the whites of four eggs and stir them in. Pour into the mould and freeze. EMILIA.

MELANYL THE ORIGINAL MARKING INK IN ONE BOTTLE

Requiring no Heat. Has been tested for 25 years and proved its superiority over all others.

Guaranteed absolutely indelible and harmless.

6d., Is., and 2s. 6d. Bottles.

Of all Stationers and Chemists.

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RED WHITE & BLUE

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Manufactory: The Royal Works, Sheffield.

John J. M. Bult (Frock and Dress Coat Specialist), 140, Fenchurch St., London, E.C., has an extensive range of standard Indigo Dyed Serges at prices varying from 50s. the suit.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

"Earl's Court" of 1905

The Austrian Exhibition, which had been arranged for next year, has been postponed until 1906 at the request of the Austrian Government. It is now proposed to hold in 1905 an exhibition thoroughly and exhaustively supporting our proud boast that "Britannia Rules the Waves." It will be called the "Naval, Shipping, and Fisheries Exhibition," and is intended to be adequately representative of the naval and mercantile marine, sea and river fishing, yachting, etc.

"The Car Magazine"

The August issue of *The Car Magazine* is the first number of a new series, the price now being sixpence monthly, instead of a shilling as formerly. There is, however, no falling off in the quality of the contents, and the illustrations, paper, and printing are up to the usual high standard which has made this publication already a popular favourite. The issue before us contains many items of interest, not only to those who indulge in motoring, but to all who travel. A charming original motor story by Mrs. Campbell Lethbridge, entitled "The New Chauffeur," is only one of the many good things provided. The whole "get up" of *The Car Magazine* is excellent, and it will doubtless have a very largely increased sale. It is really interesting reading from cover to cover.

Ungrateful Londoners

London is hardly treated by her inhabitants. For the greater part of the year they grumble at the detestable climate. Directly the sun begins to shine the first consideration of her ungrateful citizens is, "How can I get away for a breath of sea or country air?" The query is taken up by railway and steamship companies, until the bewildered Londoner is at pains to choose among the facilities for excursion presented to him. He has always, however, one standby—*i.e.*, the Palace Steamers, Ltd. The daily trips to Southend, Margate and Ramsgate by this line make giant strides in popularity each year. For those who have not yet trod the decks of the *Royal Sovereign* and the *Koh-i-noor* we may state that these beautifully fitted vessels start, the former from Old Swan Pier, the latter from Tilbury (8 a.m. train from St. Pancras) daily at 9.20 a.m. On Sundays the times of sailings are 9.20 a.m., 10.50 a.m. (9.50 train from St. Pancras). The new service inaugurated by the *Koh-i-noor* to Deal and Dover and back in a day affords an excellent blow, while many who can afford more time for holidays than a day's outing, use the Palace Steamers as a means of transit to Ramsgate and Margate in preference to going by train.

Our Supplement

This week we have pleasure in presenting readers of THE BYSTANDER with another of the series of Supplements representing well-known actresses. The lady of our choice this week is Miss Lena Liebrandt, whose smiling face and cheerful vivacity must be familiar to most theatre-goers. In the meantime, our Art Supplements are progressing, and shortly we hope to present readers with some in the style which made previous Supplements so deservedly popular.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Paton's List of Schools and Tutors, 1904."
"Black's Guide to Somerset." 2*s.* 6*d.*
"Black's Guide to the Wye." 1*s.*
"Black's Guide to Killarney." 1*s.* (A. and C. Black.)

The title of Miss Marie Corelli's article next week will be "The Social Blight."

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DISTILLERS SINCE 1679.

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SPECIAL RESERVE

STAR ROYAL.

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Of all Wine Merchants and Grocers

GLOUCESTE SHIRE.—To be LET or SOLD, modern Detached BUNGALOW RESIDENCE, pleasantly situated in bracing position, close to Golf Links, near good town, and within 2½ hours of London. Hall, lounge, 1 reception, and 5 bedrooms, attic, bath (h. and c.), and usual offices; pleasant garden. Rent £65 per annum. Price £1,300. Also for SALE, a Detached five-roomed, stone-built COTTAGE, with garden, next to the above. Price £400.—Apply to DAVIS and CHAMPION, Estate Agents, Stroud, Glos.

SURREY.—Choice FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND for SALE, from £100 per acre; sloping south aspect, amidst grand scenery, over 300ft. above sea level, mile from Capel village and Ockley Station.—WM. VAUGHAN, Clark's Green, Capel, Surrey.

OLD BERKELEY COUNTRY. (30 Acre Residential Estate, with frontage to a river affording capital fishing).—To be SOLD or LET, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE of medium size, with charming surroundings, very accessible from town and in a first-rate social district. The house has been re-modelled and appointed. The estate is compact and self-contained, and includes stabling, farmery, and cottage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,651)

BETWEEN LONDON AND SOUTH COAST.—100 acres of grass and woodland and a charming modernised, moderate-sized RESIDENCE to be SOLD. Fine views, dry soil, modern drainage; electric light. Stabling, good farmhouse and outbuildings; inexpensive pleasure-grounds and kitchen garden; good hunting and fishing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,631)

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Old Dutch Cities.

THE BELGIAN ARDENNES.

PICTURESQUE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

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PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
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BORD'S PIANOS. 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH, or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand 10s. 6d. per month), on the THREE YEARS' HIRE System. Pianos Exchanged. Lists free of C. STILES and CO., 74 & 76, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS CHARLES STILES and CO. offer these magnificent PIANOS on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM, at most advantageous prices and terms. Apply to 74 & 76, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

CROMER. The Charming Health and Pleasure Resort on East Coast. Send Two Stamps to "MANAGER, Advertising Department, Cromer," for Illustrated Guide giving full particulars of Town and District.

SECOND HAND MOTOR CARS (Offered for Sale by Private Owners)

Under this heading we are prepared to insert advertisements of autocars for sale and wanted, and other miscellaneous announcements of a like character.

The charge for each insertion is 1s. per line, and a 1d. for every additional word.

All advertisements inserted in these columns must be strictly prepaid, and reach "THE BYSTANDER" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, by FIRST POST on TUESDAY MORNING to ensure insertion.

If desired, a block of motor-car can be inserted, the cost of which would be 5s. for each block in addition to the cost of advertisement.

PANHARD, 10 h.-p., new 1903, Brougham Top and glass front, lined box cloth, body cost about £150; owing to owner's ill-health this car has only been run about 50 miles. Can be seen anywhere near London.—G.W., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

GENUINE Licensed 6 h.-p. De Dion double phaeton, Mulliner body, upholstered leather, new engine and tyres, overhauled by makers lately; cheap.—View and trial.—Ashby-Jones, 8, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon.

HUMBERETTE, Royal, 6½ h.-p., fast, climb any hill, little used, and in excellent condition; this car was exhibited at Crystal Palace Show; £120.—Woodward, 89, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, London.

12 h.p. Darracq, tonneau, latest type, M.O.V., extra size wheels, everything of the very best; will sell cheap, having bought a 20 h.-p., or take an up-to-date two seated in part payment.—A. Fielding, Railway Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

12 h.-p. M.O.I.V. Darracq Tonneau, new condition, seats five, three speeds and reverse, very quiet and fast, lamps, spares, etc.; £225 cash.—The Limes, Frindsbury, Rochester.

RENAULT Motor-car, 4½ h.-p., tonneau body, three speeds and reverse, trembler coil, wipe contact, spring seats, Clipper tyres, in perfect order; £125; trial invited.—Mr. Haw, Dudley Street, Grimsby.

"PRESCOTT" Steam Car, seats 2 or 4, Victoria hood, condenser; splendid running car. Practically new. Selling through illness. Cheap to immediate purchaser.—Bezant, 12, Victoria Terrace, Leamington-Spa.

DAIMLER, 23 h.h.-p., 1904 pattern, seating for seven people, double tonneau, side entrance, detachable heavy hood, 10ft. wheelbase, 16ft. over; every detail of car complete; almost new, being sold as too long for the Irish roads; car can be seen in London; is one of the smartest and finest turnouts in existence.—Photo and details from Lieut. Windham, 56, West Clapham Common.

12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder Tonneau Motor Cars, made by Motor Manufacturing Co., Coventry, for immediate disposal; a bargain; any trial inspection invited, and no reasonable offer refused. Owner going abroad.—Address, B., 12, Crieff Road, Wandsworth Common.

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Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER at Tallis Street, in the City of London.—AUGUST 10, 1904.
Entered as second-class matter at New York (N. Y.) Post Office.